



ALL's RIGHT AT LAST

VOL. II.



ED. BY A.

T S A L T

A L I A



N O R H

ALL's RIGHT AT LAST;

OR, THE

H I S T O R Y

OF

MISS W E S T.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N:

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ALL'S RIGHT AT LAST:

OR, THE

HISTORY

MISTRESS



VOLUME II

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ALL's RIGHT AT LAST.



LETTER XXVIII.

Miss WEST to Mrs. DARNLEY.

HEY drag me from place to
place. A friend of the Governor's is arrived, a gay
young officer, fond of pleasure. He is continually proposing some
party. Mrs. Manwaring goes to oblige
her

her husband, and is compelled, by politeness, to insist on my accompanying her. Yesterday a large company of us went to see the fall of Niagara. How tremendously beautiful, how astonishing, how wonderful, are the works of nature, and how various ! Every thing I behold in this delightful country is new and surprizing. How much should I be amused and charmed were my mind at ease ! Indeed, while I gazed with a sort of pleasing horror on the foaming cataract, I was lost in wonder. Mr. Hamilton made some pious remarks, which turned my thoughts to an object alone worthy of engrossing them, and in the vast abyss of eternity, the insignificant cares of time were forgotten ; but a trifling accident too soon put to flight my elevated contemplations.

Standing

Standing to have a better view of the cascade on a projecting rock, Miss Santemore, who is all vivacity, gave me a little push, crying, "Now is your time to take the lover's leap." I started, and stumbled forward. The Governor, who was just behind me, stretched out his arms and caught me in them. From my weakness of spirits, and the fright I was thrown into, I for a few minutes forgot to disengage myself. Mr. Hamilton, who, with a truly friendly zeal, watches over me, seeing my confusion, came to my relief. He took my hand, and leading me to a seat cut in the rock, said, "I do not wonder at your fright, Miss West; one's head grows giddy while one looks at that foaming, impetuous gush of water. A place like this is not calculated

" culated for romping ; there is danger
" in it."

Miss Santemore, who has as much good nature as vivacity, apologized for her heedlessness. I looked at Mrs. Manwaring. She had been rather grave all the morning, but now anger appeared to be mixed with her gravity.

" Some people's spirits," cried she,
" are incommodiously delicate."

This was the most severe speech I ever heard her utter ; for in justice I must own she is the mildest, the most amiable of women.

The Governor leaned against a tree, with folded arms, and pensive air, as if contemplating the striking objects that surrounded

surrounded him; and yet I believe his mind was far otherwise engaged.

I must fly, wretch that I am: gratitude, honor, virtue, command me to quit a family the harmony of which I have unfortunately destroyed. I pray heaven that my absence may restore it to its wonted peace.

I was going to close my epistle, but must first tell my dear Mrs. Darnley, that Colonel Bellamy seems inclined to distinguish me with his favour.

Oh! if the ladies here knew how little satisfaction I receive from the admiration of the men, they would cease to envy me. How much happier are they with hearts at ease, void of that painful and dangerous sensibility which

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is, and ever will be, the source of such calamity to

Your

FRANCES WEST.

LET-

B 3

LETTER XXIX.

The same to the same.

WHAT an affecting conversation have I had with the amiable Hamilton! I this morning found myself alone with him in the library, and seized the opportunity to consult with him on what he judged proper for me to do. With frankness I opened to him the secrets of my heart, for well does he deserve my confidence. He listened to me with fixed attention. When I ceased speaking, I pulled out my handkerchief, to wipe off my tears, when his eyes bore testimony of his sensibility.

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“ I might,” said he, “ have spared
“ the amiable Miss West the confusion
“ which she so delicately manifests,
“ while, with a noble frankness, of
“ which she alone is capable, she re-
“ veals an unfortunate attachment.
“ Minds like yours, Madam, are
“ strangers to dissimulation : long have I
“ seen your virtuous struggles. Justly is
“ the life of a christian called a warfare.
“ My patron is no less to be pitied than
“ you. You are both called to severe
“ trials, too hard, indeed, for the weak-
“ ness of human nature to bear ; but
“ remember, nothing is too hard for all-
“ powerful grace. Apply for that,
“ rely on it, and be strong. Oh !
“ what, by its assistance, cannot one
“ effect ! The dearest passions of the
“ soul we must resist, even unto death.”

I sighed. "I sigh'd, when I
saw you go to
But what, Sir, would you advise
me to do? Human means, as well
as soliciting divine assistance, must be
used. I ought not, I think, to con-
tinue here: yet, to return to England
alone, to return to a place where I
have suffered so much, and where I
have so few friends, would be mi-
sery in the extreme. My dear Mrs.
Darnley indeed would, I know, re-
ceive with open arms the poor wan-
derer; but you, Sir, know my rea-
sons for the repugnance I feel to visit
the place of my nativity."

"I see not why you should leave
us," cried he, hastily: "were you
once happily married, it would put
an end to the unjust suspicions which

" are now, by some people, entertained
" of you. Poor Mrs. Manwaring,
" with a thousand virtues, has some
" human frailties : jealousy is of that
" number. Oh! Miss West, how does
" it grieve me, and how sensibly would
" it affect your generous heart, if you
" could form an idea of her sufferings !
" Not that she suspects your virtue, or
" the honor of her husband ; but she
" thinks you have unfortunately alienat-
" ed his affections. She seeks retirement ;
" there wastes her time in sighs and tears :
" not one reproach, not one complaint,
" escapes her ; but her sorrow gains
" new force by its concealment. Were
" you united to an amiable man, her
" peace might be restored. Ah,"
added he, with emotion, " what a task
" have I undertaken ! Good heaven !
" is it me who am become an advocate
" for

" for your marriage ? Do I then wish
" to lose every shadow of hope ? But
" I have no hope, I never had any.
" My resolution is fixed : I submit."

I blushed, yet ventured to raise my eyes to his face, with an enquiring look. It was not for me, on so delicate a subject, to demand an explanation. He saved me the trouble.

" I am going, Madam, to make a confession," said he, deeply sighing, " for which I must entreat your pardon ; but you have honored me with your confidence, and I think I ought to return the compliment."

He paused, and seemed in some confusion.

“ Had I not determined in what manner to act,” continued he, “ I would not venture to make such an avowal. I love, love with fervor, and did so from the first moment I beheld the most engaging of her sex. What struggles has it cost me to conceal my passion ! At the commencement of our acquaintance, prudence opposed all thoughts of such an attachment ; and when your circumstances, Madam, changed, a still more unsurmountable obstacle opposed my presumptuous wishes : I therefore used my utmost endeavours to extinguish my flame : a difficult task ! A new discovery soon after strengthened my feeble resolves. I could not hope for the possession of your heart ; it was not in your own power. I had recourse to religion.

“ My

“ My despair gradually, by its assistance, changed into a not unpleasing melancholy. My passion became truly refined. I love you still : your happiness is dearer to me than my own ; I would sacrifice my life to promote it. I am convinced that the felicity I aspired to, or rather wished (for I never durst indulge a hope of your becoming mine) was not good for me. That exquisite blessing was, in mercy, withheld ; it would too much have attached me to the world. I felt I could not love with moderation : I should have adored you, and, by enjoying a heaven on earth, might have run the risque of forfeiting a heaven above. To him who ought to reign unrivalled in my soul, I made a sacrifice of the darling idol of my affections. My heart bled while

“ I tore

“ I tore from it all its earthly treasure.
“ A right-hand, an eye, ah ! what is
“ the loss of those, compared to a pre-
“ dominant passion ? How easily could
“ I cut off the one, and pluck out the
“ other, compared to the agony I expe-
“ rienced, while I struggled to conquer
“ my deep-rooted love ! The world
“ is now a barren wilderness to me, de-
“ void of every joy ; but that to which
“ I am hastening will make me ample
“ amends.”

He paused. I covered my face with my handkerchief, and, for some moments indulged my tears.

I cannot describe the sensations I felt, while I listened to his eloquent discourse.

‘ Ah,

' Ah, why,' thought I, ' should not this be the man? Where could I make a worthier choice? He possesses, in the highest degree, my esteem and friendship; that friendship may, in time, ripen into love. Happy should I be in such a guide and protector.'

I wiped my eyes, and raised them with softness to his face. The glance, as I intended, was too intelligible not to be understood. He blushed celestial rosy red, and a ray of joy brightened his animated countenance; but soon a cloud of sadness usurped its place. I saw the struggles of his soul, but in silent confusion waited the result.

" Dangerous temptation!" at last exclaimed he, clasping his hands: " Ah,
" how

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" how weak, how frail is man! But a
" sacred vow has passed my lips : it
" cannot be recalled : I ought not to
" wish it should."

He rose, and, in agitation, traversed
the room.

" Mr. Hamilton," cried I, in a faul-
tering voice—I could not proceed. He
seized my hand, and, falling on his
knees before me, hid his face on my
lap, and sighed as if his heart would
have broken.

" You advise me to marry," resumed
I, with emotion. " In an affair like
" that, interest shall never sway me.
" A man of honor, religion, and of
" sense—" I stopped : he rose.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis passed ;" cried he, resuming his composure, and assuming an air of graceful solemnity ; the struggle is " over."

I never, my dear Mrs. Darnley, shall forget his animated figure ; he appeared more than mortal.

" Accept of my friendship," added he ; " your guardian angel cannot be " be more watchful than I will be over " the happiness of my precious charge. " I will strictly enquire into the moral " character of those Gentlemen who do " themselves the honor to address " you."

" Let me own," continued he, sighing, " that I am so selfish as to wish " you would continue in this country :
" when

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" when you are gone, it will lose its
" brightest ornament. Marriage is ho-
" norable in all: consent then, Ma-
" dam, to give your hand to some one
" of those worthy men who solicit it.
" Well do I know that Miss West will
" make it her pleasure, her delight-
" ful study, to discharge the duty
" of a wife, whenever she becomes
" one. Faith can remove mountains.
" Rely on a superior power, and, like
" me, you will find it possible to con-
" quer a long, a deep-rooted passion."

Adieu, my dear Mrs. Darnley; I am interrupted. Never, never will the above conversation be effaced from the mind of

Your

FRANCES WEST.

P. S.

P. S. A few words more. I will marry: friendship and gratitude demand the sacrifice. I expect not happiness: Why should I? Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards. I will, by the assistance of heaven, do my duty, and, from this moment, banish from my heart its too long, cherished weakness.

M

L E T-

LETTER XXX.

The same to the same.

MY most favourite female acquaintance here, some weeks ago gave her hand to a very worthy and amiable man. They promise, I think, to be an exceeding happy couple.

As he has very considerable and extensive plantations at Montreal, business demanding his presence there, he has prevailed on his Lady to undertake that journey before the severity of the weather

ther renders it disagreeable and incommodious. It is at present severely cold, in my opinion ; but nothing, as the inhabitants tell me, to what I may expect a month hence, when it sets in for frost. Ah ! I shiver at the bare description of a Canadian winter.

Nature, however, gives us conveniences suitable to its inconveniences ; for here are plenty of warm and beautiful furs. I have made up some dresses for the winter, which are both comfortable and becoming ; something in the Turkish style, buttoned at the wrists, and close up to my chin. They are made of thick satin, and lined through, skirts and all, with squirrels skins. The men tell me I look better in them than in any dress they ever saw me wear.

But

But what trifles are these ! I meant to inform my dear Mrs. Darnley that I have received a pressing invitation to spend the winter at Montreal, with Mrs. Roachley, to which I have given my consent. Mrs. Manwaring could not conceal the satisfaction she felt at the prospect of my departure.

Dear worthy woman ! may my absence restore her to peace. Ever, in spite of some little unkindnesses, shall she hold the first place in my esteem.

The amiable Governor heard me talk of my intended visit with an appearance of composure ; and, but for a half-stifled sigh, when my friend came to tell me we should set off to-morrow, I should have been tempted to believe that he had so far conquered himself, as

as to be indifferent whether I went or stayed. Would he were! May he be happy, whatever becomes of your Fanny.

I retired soon, as Mrs. Roachley was gone to prepare for my journey. The Governor made some pretence to follow me, and, just as I reached the great stair-case, he overtook me. I turned round: he seized my hand.

“ You are going then!” cried he, with emotion; “ may heaven bless you. “ Pardon, my dear Miss West, every “ deficiency you have met with here. “ Some things there have been, which “ I could wish had not; but you are “ all goodness. My heart,” added he, putting his spread hand on it, “ my “ heart acknowledges your merit. Once
“ that

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" that heart—oh ! that fate had other-
" wise decreed ! But I will endeavour
" to do my duty. Never have I volun-
" tarily swerved from it. But we can-
" not at all times govern our sentiments.
" Mine for Miss West are those of the
" purest friendship and respect. Fare-
" well, most amiable of women : think
" of me sometimes : think of me as
" one who is deeply interested in your
" felicity. This is rather a solemn
" adieu ; but I feel, I feel," added he,
sighing, " that your situation will be
" much altered ere we meet again. I
" have been earnestly solicited to use
" my influence—"

I blushed.

" Colonel Bellamy, Madam, whom
" I believe to be a man of worth and
" honor—loves you."

In

In pronouncing this, his voice spoke his emotions.

"I have fulfilled my promise," continued he; "may good angels guide, govern, and protect you."

So saying, he tenderly pressed my hand (the first liberty of that kind he had ever attempted) and hurried away, leaving me in a situation of mind easier to be imagined than described.

I found, by this moving farewell, he did not intend to see me again before I set off: perhaps he durst not trust himself to go through the ceremony of a publick parting. How prudent has all along been his conduct! Such a tender attention to his Lady! He seems to exist for no other purpose

but to study her happiness. He prevents her very wishes, so eager is he to oblige. Then his behaviour to me! so circumspect, yet so polite; reserved, without formality; spirited, without levity. Oh, never, never shall I behold his equal. The amiable Hamilton too! This house contains, excepting my beloved Mrs. Darnley, all I hold dear on earth; and yet I submit to a voluntary banishment.—What is Bellamy to me? What his specious manner, his fine person, his rank, his fortune? An honest heart, sensibility, morality, religion, honor, and generosity, are above all other accomplishments. Oh, may no man ever touch the heart of your Fanny, who possesses not these in a much more eminent degree, than those superficial graces of a fine gentleman. I own, however, that Mr. Bellamy is, upon

upon the whole, the most agreeable man out of this family, that I have met with since my arrival in Canada.

Adieu, my dear friend: I must leave you, to give orders about the packing up of my cloaths.

Yours most affectionately,

FRANCES WEST.

C 2 L E T.

LETTER XXXI.

Colonel BELLAMY to Captain STANHOPE.

Montreal.

" Place me where never summer's breeze
" Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees."

LE T but my Fanny smile, and the most barren wilderness would to me appear a paradise : far more than the sun's enlivening rays her charming smiles can cheer me.

Could

Could you believe that this divine girl should make me prefer the cold frost and snow of Canada to the mild winter of my native country ; and that I would rather gaze on her bright eyes than partake of your most brilliant amusements ? I have followed her to Montreal. The family she is with encourage my visits, nor does my angel forbid them. Permission to see, and converse with her, is, however, the only favour I have yet to boast of. Highly do I value it. I love her, Stanhope, with a passion of which till now I had not the least conception. I have been called inconstant, because till now I never loved. True love and inconstancy are incompatible. My heart is susceptible of the charms of beauty ; I admired it wherever I beheld it ; I expressed my admiration, and the vain

fair ones mistook that admiration for love, Was I to blame, because their minds furnished me with a cure for the wounds I received from their eyes ? I paid homage to their exterior graces, till, by becoming familiar, they ceased to please. I have, however, the consolation to reflect, that I never yet attempted to seduce inexperienced innocence. I have indeed had some affairs of gallantry with women, whom the world ranked among the number of the virtuous ; but they taught me the contrary. Women of honour I have ever treated with respect ; but could I refuse to extend my arms to those who would throw themselves into them ? The French ladies here are no prudes, and I adapted my behaviour to their taste. At Quebec, in particular, a lively young widow endeavoured to draw me into her snares.

snares. I followed her lead, while it amused me. Nothing in the least tending to a serious attachment appeared in my manner; I did not mean that there should. She had some wit, a great deal of levity, and was the prettiest woman in town. We flirted till a new face pleased me better. Madame de St. Savoir had more sense, and a more sentimental turn. I preferred her conversation to that of a mere giddy trifler. On this the neglected widow railed at me in all companies; called me false, perfidious, and inconstant. But not till the appearance of the little Kitty Renton did she dignify me with the name of the male coquette. What a detestable character! Forbid it heaven, that ever I should deserve it. Kitty had been brought up under the tuition of a rigid maiden aunt, who had

cloistered her from the world's acquaintance, and all the joys of freedom. Her mind uncultivated, tender, susceptible, and inexperienced. By the death of this duenna she escaped from her nursery, her father having given her a step-mother, who did not choose to give herself the trouble to inspect her conduct. This girl was pretty, innocent, and had a simplicity, a *naïveté* in her manner exceedingly engaging; but she was innocent merely from ignorance, not principle. The languishing cast of her large blue eyes, the palpitation of her bosom, at the least notice from our sex, shewed me how little she would be proof against temptation. She excited my compassion: the dangers she would have to encounter prompted me to become her adviser. I took every opportunity I could meet with to talk to her, and to form a mind which

which I found a perfect blank. She received with delighted attention my well-meant instructions. I regarded her as an amiable child, and treated her as such. Strange, that one cannot converse with a woman, but one must be suspected to have designs on her! The spiteful widow first spread the report, which easily gained credit; so that every one said I was paying my addresses to Miss Renton; and I even found at last that the girl herself began to entertain that ridiculous fancy. Heavens! Kitty Renton! I should as soon have dreamt of paying my addresses to the Queen of Sheba. It was now full time to make an honourable retreat. Business called me to Trois Rivieres. There, there indeed, Cupid's sharpest dart reached, for the first time, that heart which long had boasted of its freedom. And now,

" I strive not to resist my flame,
" I glory in a captive's name;
" Nor would I, if I might, be free;
" But boast my loss of liberty."

Adieu. Our friend Manwaring is well, universally respected and esteemed. A worthy fellow he is. His wife is tolerably handsome, very grave, very pious, and sufficiently domestick. Were all husbands like him, and all wives like her, matrimony would come into fashion. But be it fashionable or not, I am, if my suit is not rejected, determined to add to the number of Benedict, **Your most obedient,**
CHARLES BELLAMY.

L E T-

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. HAMILTON to Miss WEST, at Montreal.

Trois Rivieres.

WITH a trembling hand, and agitated heart, I avail myself of the kind hint you dropped at parting. How should I have supported that parting, but for that hint? I still seem to hear your gentle voice, still see the benign glance you cast at me, when you compassionately extended your lovely hand, and faltered out, "Shall I not hear from you, my friend?"

C 6

Oh!

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Oh ! Miss West ! it is not in the power of language to describe how dear you are to the grateful man whom you thus deign to honor with your friendship. All the concern I wish to have in this vain world is, to prove the sincerity, the purity of my attachment. An attachment like mine, even the fortunate man who is to be honoured with your hand, need not, ought not to disapprove. That distinguished man will, I am told, be Colonel Bellamy. May he study to deserve so rich a treasure of virtue and beauty ! I have made it my business to enquire into his character. Perfection is not to be expected in this life : he has faults, but, I trust, they are rather those of youthful gaiety, than any depravity of heart. I chose rather to depend on Mr. Manwaring's judgment, than that of those who could not,

not, from a slight acquaintance only, be supposed to know him so well. The intimacy between him and the former has subsisted for years. He guessed my motive for talking to him on the subject.

“ You cannot,” said he, with fervour, “ be more interested in Miss West’s felicity than myself. In justice to Mr. Bellamy, in justice to her, I must declare, that I never knew any thing in his conduct unworthy of the man of honour and the gentleman. He is sensible, lively, generous, and humane; a man of birth, a man of learning, and, upon the whole, a man of morals. His fortune is very considerable: out of it he maintains an only sister, a widow, reduced to indigence, by having

" having made an imprudent marriage :
" and not only her, but her children, on
" whom he has bestowed an education,
" which, as they are sons, will qualify
" them for the different professions they
" are to follow ; the one being destined
" for the church, the other for the
" army. By his interest the eldest has
" already the promise of the first va-
" cancy in his regiment ; for the
" younger, when of a proper age, he
" has a living in his gift."

These, my dear Miss West, are noble actions, and may atone for some little indiscretions, from which few young men, of his profession, are exempt. Some affairs of gallantry, but of no criminal seductions, do even those who speak the most unfavourably of him ~~is~~ he accused. May heaven sanctify and bless

bless your union, to the happiness of both, in this life, and in that which is to come.

You find, Madam, I talk of it as of an affair already determined. It must be so, or I know Miss West too well to think she would encourage his visits. He is, I am informed, your constant attendant. A coquette may suffer a train of admirers to dangle after her, may smile on all, yet not bestow a serious thought on any : but not so my lovely and prudent friend.

Mr. Franklin followed you, but you kept him not a moment in suspense. He knew your fixed resolve from the first ; it was his own fault if, after that, he would entertain fruitless hopes. All the world acquitted you as to him ; but

now

now they change their tone. Your behaviour to Colonel Bellamy is in a different style: you receive his assiduities with complacency. The friends you are with (I know not whether by your permission) have wrote to their correspondents here, and without reserve talk of your approaching nuptials. Perhaps their desire to see you happily fixed, may render them premature in their intelligence; for what is wished is easily believed. Again I put up my fervent prayer, that heaven may guide and protect you. Mrs. Manwaring was told of the affair. She sighed.

"No woman," said she, "better deserves a good husband than Miss West; but let her not flatter herself with perfect happiness in this life. Even

"Even a good *husband* cannot ensure
"that."

I thought your absence would have restored this worthy woman to her wonted peace; but I think she is rather more melancholy than when you was here. Her health visibly declines. Nothing can equal Mr. Manwaring's anxiety. He fears this climate does not agree with her. The doctors are of the same opinion; but she will not hear of returning to England; as she knows how very inconvenient it would be to my patron, how prejudicial to his affairs, were he (as he is determined) to accompany her. She also dreads a voyage at this season ~~of~~ the year. Indeed, I believe, she is too far gone to hope a recovery. Of this, in confidence to me, she owned herself sensible, and, like a saint,

faint, patiently, and with truly Christian resignation, waits her doom.

You weep, my dear Miss West; I am sure you weep. Do you accuse yourself as the cause? Be comforted. She declared to me, that consumptions are incident to her family; that two years ago she lost a beloved sister by that distemper; nay, that, not long before her marriage, she was sent to Bristol, being then judged to be in a deep decline.

" You know me well, Mr. Hamilton," added she; " you know all my weakness. I own that I have, for some time past, suspected that the heart of my beloved Manwaring was no longer mine, though I could not discover any abatement in his delicate

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" delicate fondness. Miss West was his
" first choice : he acknowledged to me,
" that he once loved her ; tenderly
" loved her. Very, very difficult is
" it to eradicate first impressions, espe-
" cially where the object is continually
" present to keep alive the but ill-ex-
" tinguished flame. I know him to
" be the best, the most honourable of
" men ; and equally am I convinced
" of her prudence and virtue : but it is
" not in our power to command our
" feelings.. May they be happy when
" I am dead and forgotten ! "

I affect you, my charming friend.
Pardon me ; but this subject is so deep-
ly impressed on my mind, it would
flow to my pen.

Adieu,

Adieu, most lovely, most amiable of
women: permit me to subscribe my-
self

Your devoted friend,

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

L E T -

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LETTER XXXIII.

Miss WEST to Mr. HAMILTON, at
Trois Rivieres.

Montreal.

MY God ! she is dying ! Attempt not to exculpate me. I, I am the fatal cause ! I, who owe so much to her generous friendship ; I have in return planted daggers in her heart ! Ungrateful, wretched Fanny ! Sweet saint ! And does she talk of our happiness when she is no more ? Good heaven ! Can she conceive me such a wretch ? No, I will take vengeance on myself

myself for the involuntary wrongs I have done her: she shall be convinced, that what she too generously wishes, never can take place.

Noble minded as she is, she must be pleased to know that it is no longer in my power to disturb her peace, or to share with me a heart of which she so well deserves to be sole mistress. This motive, and the reasons you, my friend, have given me why I ought to marry, have determined me. Yes, I will marry, be the consequence what it will; and then soon, very soon, shall I bid adieu to Canada; which, on account of some of its inhabitants, is so dear to me.

The Colonel is determined to quit the army, consequently will return to England. The character you give of him,

him, his many engaging qualities, his unremitting endeavours to gain my favour, all together make it impossible for me to refuse him my esteem. I even own that I take pleasure in his conversation.

Love is capricious and involuntary : one can hardly tell what it is that excites it in us for one object, more than another ; but merit, if the heart is right, will ever attract our friendship and regard. May I not venture to unite myself to a man for whom I feel these sentiments, though a warmer passion has no share in my attachment ?

To enjoy the good things of this life with that moderation which becomes a christian, the heart ought not to be too deeply engaged. If I plight him my faith,

faith, I will, through the divine assistance, discharge my duty. I will love, honor, and obey; but the love will be that of a sister, a tender friend, solicitous for his happiness, partaking in his joys, and participating his cares; interested in all that concerns him; faithful and submissive to his will. All this I hope to be to Colonel Bellamy, if it should be my fate to become his wife.

Friendship, esteem and respect are rational foundations, on which to build a permanent union. Once I wished for nothing more; but fatal love, with all its train of hopes, fears, and tumultuous sensations, destroyed the calm serenity of my bosom: reason was dethroned, and headstrong passion usurped its place. Never again, alas! will the former perfectly regain its peaceable dominion, till

till I reach the happy land of undisturbed repose, where every tear is wiped from every eye.

Adieu, my dear friend: continue to favour me with your correspondence. My letter is short, but I am too much oppressed with melancholy, to be able to lengthen it. I want to indulge my mournful reflections. Be assured, however, that I am, with true regard,

Your much obliged,

FRANCES WEST.

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LET.

LETTER XXXIV.

Col. BELLAMY to Capt. STANHOPE.

Montreal.

THE happiest of men is your friend. I have at last ventured to ask that important question, "Will you, Madam, deign to accept my hand and heart?" The latter, indeed, has long been hers, without waiting for her permission; and, before I followed her to Montreal, Manwaring was entrusted with the secret of my passion; but to the angel herself I never, till this morning, made an open declaration. My eyes, my sighs, my assiduity

assiduity alone spoke my feelings. It was full time, however, to speak still plainer, since the whole province had, an age ago, been so kind as to make the match.

With blushing, modest sensibility, she listened to my suit.

It would be no easy matter for me, attentive as I am to every sentence uttered by a mouth so lovely, to tell you her answer. Her words died unfinished on her tongue. But if silence on these occasions gives consent, still more encouraging must be a soft, faltering voice, which speaks, and yet says nothing.

Angelick modesty, how powerful are thy attractions! Never woman pos-

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fessed that charm in a more eminent degree than my Fanny; true, genuine modesty, unadulterated by affectation. This is a delightful foundation, on which to build my security and peace. I shall hasten as much as possible the necessary, but, to an ardent lover, tedious forms of settlements, &c. In these I will testify, to my dear girl, the sincerity of my professions, when I made her an offer of my fortune, as well as of my hand.

Never shall the woman of my choice, from enjoying only a scanty allowance during my life, be tempted to wish my death, that she may possess her larger jointure. But why talk of allowance? In this modish age indeed, where people seem to marry only to have the pleasure of parting, no wonder the

I

Lady's

Lady's friends should stipulate for pin-money. I despise such signing and sealing.

To the woman on whom I bestow my heart, my purse shall ever be open: we will have but one, no matter which is the bearer of it: no separate interests, in an union that ought to be so perfect. Let her take all I have, if, in return, she gives me but herself: she alone is the treasure I covet to possess. In that I shall be a miser: not even a gentle look, or enchanting smile, shall I, without grudging, see her bestow on others.

I almost tremble at the thoughts of returning with her to your world of dissipation and intrigue, where the fair married dames are so little tenacious

either of their own honor, or that of their husbands : and yet I must, ere long, bid this country adieu. At present it has, considered in itself, but few attractions ; though to me there is something very striking in a frost-piece, but it is rather more agreeable to contemplate it on canvas, than to feel, as well as see it. However, love and furs keep me, between them, tolerably warm.

This weather is a great enemy to the Ladies complexions. I never beheld such a set of livid, red-handed d—ls. There are but two exceptions ; my Fanny, and her friend Roachley, who is a very pretty, smart, little creature. The new-fallen snow cannot put Fanny's transparent skin out of countenance. It has all its properties : as cold, and full as dazzling white ; with such

such a glow of health, her pure and eloquent blood speaks in her cheeks. How beautiful to see it meandering through its blue veins! Her bright eyes seem to produce on her face the same effect which the sun does on that of nature. By their warm and enlivening rays, the lilies and roses of her complexion bloom. There it is summer all the year: still fresher will they bloom when I transplant her to her native skies. Not long shall we stay in London after our return to England. She is a passionate admirer of the country. Her taste shall ever govern mine. To Oak Park then will I bear my treasure. There, unmolested by fops, and intriguing coxcombs, will I enjoy the pure delights of love and friendship.

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There easy, quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life, that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness :
Cool grots and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads and streams, that through the
valley glide ;
And shady groves, that easy sleep invite,
And, after pleasant days, a soft repose at night.

How naturally fond of poetry is a
heart in love ! A happy, a successful
lover's mind is tuned to harmony.

Adieu. No mind was ever more
tranquil than that of

Your friend,

CHARLES BELLAMY.

L E T-

LETTER XXXV.

Mrs. BLADON to Miss SANTEMORE, at
Trois Rivieres.

Quebec.

DO you know, Lucy, we have got your cousin Franklin among us? Inconstant creatures are the best of these male wretches. The fellow is *tout-à-fait gueri de son penchant* for the little Fanny West. That demure chit, so artfully artless, Kitty Renton, cast on him a languishing look, from her large blue eyes, and from that moment riveted him to her car.

D 5

Her

Her relations, shrewdly suspecting that, though green in years, she is that kind of fruit which will not keep, overwhelm him with civilities, by way of fixing his chains. They endeavour to stifle all whispers, in regard to a certain flirtation between her and a handsome red coat. I have my suspicions, however: but mum, time will bring all things to light.

The girl is naturally pale, and we will suppose it was the heat of the room which caused her fainting last night at the assembly. But *apropos* of red coats: What is become of the dear Bellamy? Dear I call him, for he cost me dear. At the expence of a thousand sighs, I have, at last, torn his image from my heart. We sprightly young widows are seldom at a loss for an

an admirer, to fill up a vacancy. I am consoled ; and now, without either malice or envy, I freely give him leave to follow his own devices.

But is it possible that he should have serious thoughts of matrimony ? Strange reports have reached my ears. Ah ! is then that roving heart of his at length secured ? I own I want faith to believe it. I could lay a good bet, that the next news I hear of him, will be of his flight to England, that land of freedom, so fit for souls like his, which love to range at large, and unconfined. Fanny, take heed, triumph not too much in thy fancied conquest, lest, like me, you should be compelled to wear the willow.

But she, forsooth, is such a nonpareil, such a phœnix of a woman! How disappointed am I, that she left Trois Rivieres ere I arrived! I die with curiosity to see this wonder, this vaunted beauty, who has turned the heads of all your fellows, and rendered them good for no one earthly purpose.

Your assemblies were horrid: a set of heartless animals, without either life or spirit. I would as soon have danced with an assortment of well-dressed puppets. Thank heaven, I have got back again to my joyous Quebec; for here we live.

Your mother was insufferably provoking, to refuse your accompanying me; but I know her sage motive: she hopes that piece of clock-work, Birdmore,

more, after half a century more of mature consideration and reflection, will declare himself your lover. Nobly worth waiting for to be sure ! O dear, O dear ! these prudent scheming dames, there is no notwithstanding their wisdom and vaunted experience.

You have a spirit, Lucy : if a more agreeable fellow should present himself, though neither his purse nor his head should be half so heavy as Don Dismal-lo's, I know what I, in your place, should do ; I would not wait, and sigh the time away,

Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone.

Life—death—What was I going to say ?—Oh, to make the latter my subject.

ject. How is Madame la Gouvernante? Poor woman! How I pity her! Visibly declining, I hear. Does she receive any benefit from the prescriptions of your Esculapius, the famous Doctor S—, who yearly sends such large detachments to the other world?

"Pardon me, I know this is treason; but I never shall have any opinion of his skill, notwithstanding his enormous wig, and clouded cane, after his manner of treating poor Nancy Selwin, whose case, I am convinced, he mistook; and that, but for his nostrums, she might still have flourished the fairest of the fair."

However, I believe, to do him justice, he will neither do Mrs. Manwaring good nor harm; for I am much deceived

ceived if she was not past the power of medicine, ere he undertook her. Her complexion, her hectic cough, her emaciated form, plainly tell us that she is hastening to her long, long home.

How amiable is the Governor! That man, Lucy, is born to put all other husbands out of countenance. Such manly tenderness! such unremitting assiduity! In my conscience, I think one would rather die his, than live the wife of any other mortal man. Angelick fellow! No wonder you girls are all wild about him.

But what says he to Madam Frances's intended marriage? Not much, I suppose; he pays it off with thinking, I'll warrant him. And what means she to be so quick in her motions? Impossible,

ble, handsome as Bellamy is, that she can prefer him to Manwaring : and we women, when there are any obstacles to oppose our passions, are as constant as the dear spirit of obstinacy can make us.

Perhaps she knows not of the change that is likely to take place. Has no good-natured friend given her a hint of Mrs. Manwaring's illness ? But, peradventure, things have gone too far for her to recede. Fortune delights in these kind of spiteful tricks. The match-makers above (for marriages, you know, are made in heaven) love to torment us poor mortals ; or, perhaps, having a lucrative place of it, they trouble their heads as little about the execution of their office, as our placemen do in our lower world. While they sit drinking nectar,

nectar, and toying with their amorous divinities, their drudges are set to pair the hearts at random, and they whip them up, two and two, old and young, rich and poor, just as they come to hand. I think I see them strung up in couples, hanging dangling on pegs in the temple of Hymen.

Whimsical creature, you cry. To say truth, I am both in a whimsical and scribbling humour this morning. The visit of a favourite beau put me in spirits. As I live, here he is again, furred up to the eyes like a Russian bear; yet no lamb so harmless, so gentle as he.

Adieu.

Yours,

CHARLOTTE BLADON.

L E T.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mrs. ROACHLEY to Miss SANTEMORE,
at Trois Rivieres.

Montreal.

WHAT shall I say, what inducement shall I muster up, to prevail on my dear Lucy to favour me with her company? What on earth is it that attaches you so strongly to Trois Rivieres? Our assortment of beaux here are a thousand times smarter than any you can boast. Besides the divine Bellamy, we have half a hundred other red-coats, dear, elegant, obliging creatures,

tures, who have no one thing to do but to amuse the ladies. Your men are all immerfed over head and ears in busi-
ness : that, and this season, render their hearts as freezingly cold as our climate, invulnerable to all the darts of Cupid. Idleness is the nurse of love. Our gal-
lant heroes would not know what to do with their time, were it not for that be-
witching passion. Mars and Venus, you know, are sworn friends. But per-
haps you are afraid of being metamor-
phosed into a pillar of ice, during your journey. Never fear, child ; *amené avec
vous, votre amant*, and let his soft sighs keep you warm, and melt your frozen heart.

Come, in short, if you possibly can : for here are pleasures and amusements that will amply reward you for your pains.

pains. Bellamy is the life and soul of all our parties : he is continually planning them, and with such taste !— It is a most engaging creature ; and yet my little Fanny is not half so happy as any other woman would be in her place. She will, I fear, after all, be in the style of a mourning bride. Her lover attributes her plaintive turn to her natural disposition ; but some fallies which now and then escape her, convince me that she was not always this April-eyed, pensive damsel.

No matter, the man is satisfied, nay, enraptured with his choice, and thinks her the most perfect, as well as the most beautiful, of all possible women. The latter she is, without dispute. Our ladies here expire with envy every time.

time she appears in publick. Such an eclipser!—

Roachley, however, honest man, will insist upon it, that I, though in a different style, am full as agreeable—to him I suppose he means. *Eh bien!* like a good wife, I will endeavour to be satisfied with his approbation.

Bellamy reads us such pretty, delicate lectures on what a wife's conduct ought to be, that the fly wretch absolutely tempts one to be in love with one's duty. Fanny listens with pleased attention to his sentiments, and I believe will study to adopt them.

Our fire-side conversations are delightfully spirited. The dear fellow is equally amusing, whether gay or serious.

And

And then he trifles like an angel. Upon occasion, we play at shuttle-cock, in our great hall. Sometimes we dance, or sing: and now and then I engage him in a game of romps, while my grave help-mate sits smiling by, with the still graver Fanny by his side. The dear girl has no talents for that my favourite diversion.

I one night blind-folded her adorer. Need he any other bandage than that which love has already imposed on him? That indeed conceals her faults, but no bandage could conceal her person from him: by instinct he soon caught his charmer, caught her in his arms. O fie! was it in nature, or rather in prudery, to forgive such a freedom? He went farther—worse and worse

worse—he even had the presumption to steal a kiss.

Such a *fracas*! I wonder these very nice damsels should ever dream of marriage. They ought by degrees to accustom themselves to a few innocent liberties, and not all at once go from one extreme to another. A strange sort of refinement theirs! Fanny pouted; nay, till I laughed her out of it, she was seriously angry. Silly chit! It cost her two kisses more; on which I insisted to make up the affair. I did not think a girl of her sense could have been so childish. What would she do with some lovers? Hers is the most delicate of men.

Our balls here are enchanting.

It

It runs in our family, Lucy, to be in love with governors: and yet I do not think either you or I are very fond of being governed. Ours is the sweetest old Grecian! In a different style from yours, to be sure; but he pleases me full as well. His only fault is, too great a prolixity in the gift of the tongue. Such an eternal clack! Even I, a female, have no chance with him; can hardly squeeze in a word, though he pretends to have discovered that I have an immensity of wit. A notable discovery, considering how few opportunities he allows me of shewing it.

His everlasting stories, entangled one in another without end, last night, kept me two hours from joining the sprightly dance.

ll dance. Not a single pause could I all that time find, without rudeness, to make my escape ; but had not the gout prevented, he would have made me amends, by footing it with me himself. Young, in spite of age, he says to me the most gallant things imaginable. The prettiest woman in the province, he vows, Fanny not excepted. She lost his favour, by not listening to him with proper attention. A good face she has, he allows, and a good person ; but she wants vivacity.

Adieu, Lucy. Our men are going to amuse themselves with bear-hunting, accompanied by a party of savages, the valiant Bellamy at the head of them. In the evening they will dance off the fatigue of the morning. Dancing, you

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know, is a sovereign specifick for all
the ills of life.

Yours affectionately,

BELINDA ROACHLEY.

LET.

A dear Friend. On my way this evening
to some convivialities with personal friends,
I will not forget to send you a few lines
of my best regards. Belinda has been
in the evening school, where she has
known Mr. H.

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LETTER XXXVII.

Mrs. BLADON to Miss SANTEMORE, at
Trois Rivieres.

Quebec.

"**S**URE never was seen such a
"wedding in town!" You
should have been here, Lucy; you
know not what you have lost. Balls,
feasts, all mirth and jollity. Franklin
will not, even at the expiration
of the honey-moon, be restored to his
sober senses. That man loves *à la folie*,
I wish he may not meet with a damper.

E 2 His

His spirits are wound up to such a pitch, that it is not possible these hal-cion days should be of long duration.

He is married, child ; married to his blue-eyed Kitty, who makes as demure a little bride as one shall see. She's a fly chit nevertheless, or I am much mi-staken. I do not like her qualms and faintings. She used, when she first broke loose among us, to dance like a little fairy ; but now, by some means or other, she is become so delicate, that the least fatigue, the least heat, over-powers her. Well, it is no affair of mine : the man's content.

What news of Fanny and her spark ?
I long much to know how their matri-monial scheme goes on. Delays are
dangerous,

dangerous, especially if what I hear of Mrs. Manwaring be true.

The last account I received of her was, that the Doctors had given her over. Better for her had they done this sooner. Nancy Meadows writes me, that her death is hourly expected, and that no company is admitted at the Castle, in which the dear Governor shuts himself up, nor sees any one but his friend Hamilton.

Sweet man, how I pity him! I have, however, adopted the doctrine, that virtue will be rewarded, even in this life. This, however, is not according to your blooming orator's creed; and what flowed from such rosy lips appeared to me, at the time I heard him, "wifest, best."

He, you know, will allow no virtue in us fallen creatures; consequently merit and rewards are out of the question. Nevertheless, I feel a strong presentiment, that Manwaring and his first love, Miss Frances, will, at last, make a match of it, in spite of the obstacles that now darken their prospects, and seem to forbid the bans.

You grow lazy, Lucy. What on earth are you about? Surely that silent ghost Birdmore, who has so long haunted you, has not spoken at last! *Est il possible?* Heavens! And what did he say for himself? A noble speech, no doubt, after such an age of study. And does he take up thine attention, child? Nay then, poor Lucy, you must be at your last prayers indeed.

Come,

Come, tell me all how and about it.
Two letters for one I insist upon. Write,
write, I say, or expect not another dash
of a pen from

Yours, &c.

CHARLOTTE BLADON.

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LETTER XXXVIII.

MISS WEST TO MRS. DARNLEY.

Montreal.

HOW solemn, how awful to me, is the thought of that state into which I am about to enter! Why hangs this weight upon my heart? The man so worthy, my esteem for him so great, why, why am I so insensible of my good fortune? How many are there who envy it, and who wish themselves in my place! And yet I am excessively silly; no spirits, a kind of lethargick stupidity.

Such

Such pains too taken, by the amiable Bellamy, to chear and support my drooping heart! Oh Manwaring! And is this the last sigh I must breathe to the memory of thee? Not for this age have I even ventured to utter his name. I know nothing that passes at Trois Rivieres: no one tells me, and I have not courage to ask. Hamilton still writes, but I had imposed silence on him, in regard to a subject, that, alas! too much affects me. I said he still writes, but I should add, that it is now near three weeks since I last heard from him. Oh! I too well guess the cause: my kind, my generous benefactress, is, perhaps, alas! no more; or, if she still lives, is so ill as to demand his whole attention, his pious attention, and consolation.

And am I going when there is a chance—Wretch!—stifle that thought. How came I to suffer it to find entrance in my head? He ought not, he can never be any thing to me: fate has otherwise decreed, and I must submit: my destiny is fixed; the day, the important day is fixed, that will decide my future happiness or misery. How the time flies! Next Monday—Is it possible? Have I indeed consented? Oh! it will not admit a doubt. Every one around me is busy in preparations to adorn the victim: I alone am idle, and incapable of settling to anything.

Would I knew—yet it is criminal to entertain a thought of that nature. Far otherwise are now engaged the thoughts of him, who, in spite of myself, too much

en-

engrosses mine. How truly did he prophesy, that it would be long ere we met again! Ah, long indeed! Perhaps I shall *never* see him more! But I shall see my beloved Mrs. Darnley: ought not that to console me? It does: time, and a sense of my duty, will, I trust, efface the memory of passed scenes.

The Colonel proposes, as soon after our marriage as he conveniently can, to return to England. I have prevailed on him to promise that he will chiefly reside at his country-seat in Derbyshire. I am charmed with his description of its rural beauties. Mrs. Darnley's company too (for she, I hope, will have the goodness to meet me there) will greatly add to its attractions. I ought, I will endeavour to be content with my lot.

Weuld I could at least *assume* an appearance of chearfulness, in gratitude for the obliging pains every one takes to amuse me ! Mrs. Roachley improves on a more intimate acquaintance. I always thought her pleasing, but now I both esteem and love her. She is deservedly happy in one of the best of husbands, a most worthy, sensible man.

We live a life of constant gaiety and dissipation; too much so for my taste. And yet we may justly be allowed to soften, as much as possible, the severity of the climate, by innocent and social recreations. We should freeze, were we not to keep ourselves warm, by associating together, and dancing, to make our blood circulate. There is no giving you an idea of the intense cold at this season. The earth
is

is now covered four feet deep with snow.

I remember a droll story, which I met with in some author, who, in describing the effects of a hard frost, says, that a set of people, who had conversed together in a field when it was at the height, chancing to pass the same way at the commencement of the thaw, heard all they had said repeated in the air; their words having frozen as they proceeded from their lips, but were then loosened from their ice enchantment.

I could now, from experience, almost credit this fiction; and yet, would you believe it? I am fond of Canada. No wonder in England I was nothing; that happy land is overstocked with beauties;

ties ; but here, where they are rather agreeable than handsome, your little Fanny is a perfect divinity.

What food for female vanity, to be thus courted, caressed, and admired ! Fortunately for me, there are severe al- loys to moderate my pleasures ; the flattery I receive might otherwise have a dangerous effect. What consolation is it to me, to hear the men swear that their felicity depends on my smiles ; since, smile or frown, no felicity is re- served for myself ? In vain do they deify me : I feel, I feel that I am a weak, imperfect, ill-fated mortal.

Adieu, my beloved Mrs. Darnley. The sprightly Mrs. Roachley perplexes me with her questions. Ah ! how little do I enter into the spirit of these prepa- rations !

rations ! With what indifference do I regard my splendid ornaments ! Yet am I grateful to Mr. Bellamy for the elegant presents which he is continually forcing on me. In all his proceedings he manifests a truly noble spirit. May heaven enable me to act in such a manner as to merit the continuance of his affection and esteem !

Pray for me, dear Madam, and believe me ever

Yours unalterably,

FRANCES WEST.

L.E.T.

LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. HAMILTON to Miss WEST, at Mont-
real.

Trois Rivieres.

YOU commanded me to be silent
on one important subject. Hi-
therto I have obeyed my lovely friend ;
but now my grief will have vent. If I
write, I must write of that dear depart-
ed saint, whose memory will never be
effaced from the grateful heart of him,
whom, in her life, she loaded with be-
nefits. Alas ! Miss West, the amiable
Mrs. Manwaring is no more ! She last
night

night expired in the arms of her afflicted husband, whose grief no language can describe. What heavenly eloquence did she use to console him ! But her last request—Ah, Madam, how will it affect you ! I fear it is too late—And yet I have given my promise : it was her earnest request I should inform you of it. Would it could take place ! You only can comfort my worthy patron. I by my sacred profession am called to a state of self-denial ; but it is not of every one whom heaven demands such a sacrifice as I have made. If you are still single—But then, after having gone so far with Colonel Bellamy, I do not advise ; I dare not ; fate must take its course. If he is the generous man I believe him to be, I think he will yet resign you to him who has a prior claim to your heart. He will respect the last sacred

sacred request of a departed saint, who, with pale and trembling lips, said to her almost lifeless husband, pressing feebly his hand between both her's;

" I die, my dear Manwaring, I die,
" the happiest of women : happy in
" having on earth possessed the esteem
" of the most amiable of men, and still
" happier in the bright prospects of
" endless felicity which await me. I
" have, by divine grace, ever made a
" conscience of discharging my duty in
" that station wherein providence had
" placed me ; and, Oh ! it was my
" highest delight to discharge my duty
" to the best of husbands.

" My task is finished, my pilgrimage
" is nearly ended : one act of justice
" alone remains for me ; not indeed to
" see

" see executed, but to intreat you, my
" Henry, with my latest breath, to ac-
" complish. To me you have fulfilled
" your vows; you have loved and che-
" rished me, in sickness and in health,
" till death, now fast approaching, dis-
" solves our union. Worthiest of men!
" Not a look, word, or action, have
" I to reproach you with. All your
" conduct was uniformly good to me,
" the most happy of women. May
" heaven reward you for your unre-
" mitted tenderness to your grateful
" Caroline. Do not mourn my loss,
" rather rejoice in my assured, unspeak-
" able felicity. Prove the sincerity of
" your affections by granting my last re-
" quest.

" After allowing a decent time to that
" sorrow which I know you will feel
" at

" at our separation, let that pure flame
" which you have, during my life, so
" nobly struggled to extinguish, again
" revive ; your first, your well-placed
" flame. Let Fanny, the amiable, vir-
" tuous Fanny, supply my place. Fate
" will by my death (for not many
" hours have I to live) accomplish
" its fixed purpose, in uniting you to
" that truly deserving girl, to whom I
" can, with pleasure, resign you. It
" is my dying request.

" If departed spirits are still permit-
" ted to know what passes among their
" surviving friends, mine will rejoice
" to see the happiness of my Henry,
" to hear him talk of me. You will,
" I know, respect my memory. Your
" Fanny too, my friend, my sweet
" companion, will remember me ; for
" grate-

“ grateful and full of gentle sensibility
“ is her heart.”
“ You are silent, my Henry,” added
she, pressing his hand; “ speak, my
“ love; say, will you grant my re-
“ quest? Let me have your promise,
“ that, if she is still single, you will
“ make her yours: seal the solemn vow
“ on the lips of your Caroline, then
“ will she depart in peace.”

His sobs prevented for some moments
his reply; at last, dropping on his
knees, and clasping his hands; “ An-
gelic woman,” he cried in a faltering
accent; “ dispose of me as you please:
“ never have I known a will but yours:
“ no secrets of this faithful bosom were
“ ever concealed from my Caroline.
“ But, believe me, at this moment I
“ think

“ think my heart must ever be a
“ stranger to any emotions but those of
“ sorrow for your loss. I would wish
“ to dedicate my future life to retire-
“ ment and your memory.”

“ It must not, cannot be, my Henry,”
interrupted she ; “ time will obliterate
“ the deepest impressions of that na-
“ ture. Grieve, for you cannot help
“ it ; but grieve not as those who are
“ without hope. I die in the bloom of
“ life, it is true ; and yet my fate is
“ rather to be envied than lamented.
“ Nothing can damp my glorious pro-
“ spects, but the thoughts that I leave
“ you without a comforter. In Fanny
“ you would find one. Yield then, my
“ best, my only love ; yield, and set my
“ mind at ease : give me your word, your
“ promise, which you have ever held
“ sacred.

" sacred. Say, will you be united to
my friend?" said a still trembling voice.
He threw his arms about her, and
clasping her to his breast, " Be satisfied,
dear saint; I will, if in my power, I
will." "It is enough," said she, feebly re-
turning his embraces; "and now fare-
well to all concerns below the sun.
The world recedes — It disappears —
heaven opens.
" I come, I come," added she, with
fervour, raising her hands and eyes.
" Adieu, adieu, adieu for ever."

Then gently sighing, and sinking on
her pillow, she expired.

Awful

Awful event ! May it teach us all
to prepare for life's last important scene !

" May it teach us to watch, since we
know not at what hour the Bridegroom
cometh." — "I should aid at my gaol slop
I twop you no ill like I did in 1850."

Oh ! may we, like her, be found
ready, nor think our youth a security !
Time often comes with his scythe before
the harvest is ripe. Death also comes
unlooked for while we are yet green in
years. Be it our study to be ripe in
grace, and then let the grim tyrant
strike when he lists, we need not fear his
dart.

If you, my dear Miss West, which
heaven grant, have not yet plighted
your fatal vows, shew Colonel Bellamy
this letter, and let him determine your
fate. How I feel for you ! Your hap-
piness

pines, and that of my generous patron,
alone engrosses my attention.

For my own part, I have done with
this vain world; it has no longer any
charms for me. I have solemnly dedi-
cated myself to the sacred duties of my
profession. I have with my small for-
tune purchased some lands uncultivated
and wild, which lie between Trois Ri-
vieres and Montreal; but with all its
wildness, the face of the country is
pleasingly romantick. I am going there
to herd with savages, forsaking, for
their eternal welfare, the social converse
of my countrymen and friends. There,
by Mr. Manwaring's assistance, I mean
to build a cottage for myself, and a
small chapel adjoining. In the latter,
my design is to preach the glad tidings

of salvation to those who never heard
the joyful sound.

"How beautiful are the feet of him
upon the mountains who bringeth glad
tidings!" May mine appear so to
them; and may my glorious Master
give success to his devoted servant!

Ought not we Protestants to blush, we who may justly boast a purer faith, in being so far outdone by the Romish missionaries? O that a spirit of laudable, zealous emulation may be diffused amongst us!

Pray for me, my amiable friend,
and sometimes deign to recollect the un-
fortunate youth, who loved you too
well for his repose, but who never tor-
mented you with his fruitless suit; who
loves

loves you still, and yet compels himself to bid you a long, long adieu, till we meet never to part again ; where I trust our friendship will be renewed, and last throughout the countless ages of eternity. There, there alone will it be safe for me to behold your too seducing charms.

Farewell, a last farewell. Good angels ever guard you. My tears have almost blotted out the sentence. Ever shall you be remembered at the throne of grace by

Your

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

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LETTER XL.

Mrs. ROACHLEY to Miss SANTEMORE,
at Trois Rivieres.

Montreal.

LUCY, my dear Lucy, why are
you not here? Your cheerful
society—ah, never before did I so much
stand in need of it. I am half dead
with grief; and, oh! if out of sympa-
thetic compassion I am so much di-
stressed, what, what must be the feel-
ings of the unfortunate Fanny!

-THE

1

Such

Such a wedding-day! A day which rose so bright, to set in such clouds of dark and lowering sorrow! She is married, and wretched, alas! for life. All that fortitude which, for months, she has been labouring to acquire, now deserts her. The shock was too violent, it was no time for prudent dissimulation.

How much is the amiable bridegroom to be pitied, when at the height of rapturous expectations, when he expected to clasp to his fond heart his not reluctant, blushing bride; to behold that idol of his affections, stretched on her bed, insensible of his tender caresses, dead to all sense of joy; delirious, broken-hearted, and in a burning fever! Alas, it is dreadful!

Petrified with grief, he seats himself by her side, and, with eyes wildly fixed on her pale face, his bosom heaves with the contending passions of love, resentment, pity, and despair. I, for my part, am almost deprived of reason: I run from one apartment to another, wringing my hands, calling for help. ‘She will die, she is dying,’ are all the words I am able to articulate.

A pen, ink and paper happening to present themselves, I stand at a desk, writing a few words, then renewing my exclamations.

“What now, Mr. Roachley, are there any hopes?”

“Thank heaven, they have just re-covered her from a deep swoon; she is more composed.”

I fall

I fall on my knees, I pray, yet hardly
know what I utter.

Adieu, I must attend her. If she is
better, I will resume my pen.

C. ROACHLEY.

F 4

L E T-

LETTER XLI.

The same to the same.

SHE is rather better. The Physicians think her fever a little abated. Now will I endeavour to tell you the cause of this terrible disaster. This was her wedding-day—Oh, what a day to her!—I rose early. The morning, for this season, was uncommonly fine. The sun, long absent from our skies, shone forth, as if to congratulate the worthy pair; but the sparkling charms of the lovely bride far eclipsed the distant

stant and fainter radiance of that bright luminary.

Never, never surely, was so perfect a beauty ever adorned by the hands of the Graces. Bellamy too is an uncommonly striking, a majestic figure, with a countenance as replete with manly charms, as hers with feminine. His dress shewed the elegance of his taste.

The Governor, good old man, was to act as father of the bride; Major Ailsemore, Captain Wilson, Misses de la Roach and Gardiner, compleated our party. Our carrioles were magnificent: that of Bellamy's was the most elegant of the kind that ever appeared in this country.

The ceremony was performed with becoming solemnity. Fanny was modest, pensive, and composed.

We returned home: the morning passed off tolerably; yet I was not in my usual spirits: and the bride appeared uncommonly thoughtful; but that was not to be wondered at. Some of our party were sufficiently gay.

After humming a few airs, we all at last seated ourselves at our musical instruments. Bellamy plays divinely on the harpsichord; Fanny, by his entreaties, was prevailed on to sing. I had got some new music from England. She chose that plaintive old song, wrote by Gay, and new set by Jackson, beginning thus:

* Twas

" 'Twas when the seas were roaring, &c."

It absolutely made me weep : as for her, the tears streamed down her cheek. Bellamy kissed them off, and changed the mournful strains for harmony more suited to the day.

I endeavoured to furnish an entertainment that might testify my respect for our guests. We sat down to table, and nothing happened to disturb our social feast. We retired to the drawing-room. Ah ! there the fair bride was hardly placed by her adoring husband on a settee, when a messenger, who came express, entered with a letter for her. She took it, not without visible emotion ; for she knew the hand : but when she read the contents.—Here I drop my pen.

You should see this fatal letter, Lucy, to judge of its effects. It is not in the power of language to describe the scene that ensued: I need not attempt it. I will, when I have leisure, send you a copy of the too eloquent epistle. Time will, I hope, restore my Fanny, and reconcile her to her fate.

But will her husband pardon, will he ever be content with the possession of a woman, lovely as she is, whose heart is visibly in possession of another? Oh, no! His passion is too nicely delicate. Not the most unblameable conduct, not her utmost tenderness, will be able to remove his suspicions. Unhappy, ill-fated pair! — But I am called.

Yours

D. H.

Adieu,

Adieu, adieu. This house is a scene
of confusion.

Yours, in haste,

CHARLOTTE ROACHLEY.

L E T.

LETTER XLII.

Governor MANWARING to Mrs.
DARNLEY.

Trois Rivieres.

I AM, my dear Madam, preparing to return to England. The lovely and ever-amiable Fanny has, no doubt, informed you of all that has happened since her arrival here; and with her story mine is connected. Ah, why is a still nearer and dearer connection denied!

I am

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I am sick of this vain world. By a fatal infatuation, too credulously deceived by false reports, I forfeited a happiness of which I am now, as a just punishment, deprived for ever! What struggles did it cost me to conquer my passion! To conquer it do I say? Ah! it never was, it never can be conquered. Just when I thought myself again at liberty to indulge it, it is again become a crime.

Such repeated disappointments are almost too much for human nature, tho' assisted by philosophy, nay even religion, to support. This, and my recent loss of the best, the most engaging of wives, has thrown me into a deep melancholy, which neither time nor change of scenes can ever efface.

I have

I have resigned my government here : ambition has no longer any sway in my breast. Riches, honor, fame, empty, empty distinctions, I now, now adieu. Adieu to idle pomp and grandeur ; I will fly to retirement, and there, unmolestedly enjoy my grief.

When last in England, I Madam, I was struck with the retired and sweetly-romantic situation of Pearfield-Hall, an antient seat in your neighbourhood. Upon enquiry, I found it had formerly belonged to our family. I have, since then, been more particular in my enquiries ; and finding it was, with a small estate which surrounds it, to be sold, made a purchase of it ; little imagining, at that time, I should there end my days ; for such is my fixed resolve.

Even I

The

The house is a good deal out of repair: Will you, my worthy friend, take the trouble to employ workmen, in order to render it decently fit for my reception? I want no ornaments, no finery: let the furniture be of the plainest kind, though neat and commodious.

I shall order my steward, who has the care of my house at Blackheath, to send my library to the hall, together with my beloved Caroline's chamber organ and harpsichord. Do me the favour, my dear Madam, to see those properly placed, when they arrive; for they will be directed to your care.

I should also be obliged to you if you will inform the worthy young man whom

whom you, when I last had the pleasure of seeing you, recommended to me, as meriting my patronage. I shall esteem myself happy in having such a companion to live with me as my Chaplain, if he is not already better provided for. He will supply to me the loss of my justly-esteemed Hamilton, who chuses to continue in America.

I shall, as quick as possible, settle my affairs, that I may hasten to my retreat, and quit those once pleasing scenes, which now only serve to remind me of my lost happiness. Yes, I must fly; for, ah! what would become of me, were I again to behold our beloved Fanny; to behold her the wife of another! Distracting thought! But

I have

I have struggled for fortitude—I will be calm.

May every felicity be hers ! Auspicious be their union ! And, Oh ! may he be sensible of her worth ! May he set a just value on the inestimable treasure which fate has bestowed on him ! The blotted paper will betray to you my sensibility, in spite of my affected composure. I am but a man ; and he must be more than man, who is insensible under such complicated misfortunes.

Adieu, my dear Madam : I hope ere long to assure you in person, how sincerely I revere your merit. Then too I will apologize for the liberty I have taken in this epistle.

But

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But you are my friend: you will
not think it any trouble to oblige

Your most obedient, &c.

HENRY MANWARING.

L E T-

you're never quite satisfied and I think you
will be still more so when you get home.

LETTER XLIII.

Colonel BELLAMY to Major STANHOPE.
Montreal.

"THE wife with hope support the
" pains of life." But ah! what
have I now to hope, rendered, as I am,
the most wretched of men by the com-
pletion of my wishes, in the possession of
my Fanny? Possession do I say? Ah, no,
it is but her shadow; her heart never
was, nor ever can be mine. How hap-
py

py did I some weeks, nay, even a few days ago, esteem myself !

" In pleasing error lost, and charmingly deceiv'd."

But now the dear illusion is fled, and I awake from my enchanting dream of fancied bliss. Which shall I accuse, my own credulous folly, or her artful dissimulation ? No, she could not, did not mean to deceive me : she is incapable of art, she did not say she loved : what she felt for me was bare approbation. But ought she, with such cold sentiments as those, to have plighted me her vows ? Unfortunate union ! A mere ceremonious joining of hands is that where the hearts are not in unison. Yet her sweet sorrow, her confusion, her amiable remorse, and fear to have offended,

fended, melt my soul to pity and forgiveness. She would, it is true, have preferred my rival; and can I pardon that? Ask me not, Stanhope, what I can do; her charms infatuate me, I am born to be her slave.

One moment I snatch her with frantick transport to my breast, kiss off her tears, and forget that she is insensible of my fond careffes; the next I throw her from me, upbraid her with her passion for my rival, call her false, ungrateful, and dissembling. She falls at my feet, her hands clasped, her lovely eyes dissolved in tears: she speaks not, but her silence is more eloquent than words.

What shall I do? May I flatter myself that, by unremitting tenderness, and fond

fond assiduity, she may yet be won ; that the image of the too happy Manwaring may yet be effaced from her heart ; that heart which I would die to be possessed of ? I'll try at least ; for, ah ! the inestimable prize is worth my utmost pains.

She has been exceedingly ill. The shock of finding that, had she not too hastily given her hand to me, she might have been the wife of her long-loved Manwaring, was the first cause ; then shame, grief, and remorse, for having offended me, and exposed herself, added new force to her malady. I have been her constant attendant, supporting her in my arms night and day, while her languid head rested on my bosom.

What

What looks of grateful woe did she cast on me while thus employed ! what heavy sighs agitated her gentle breast ? For the first day she was delirious. My name was even then as frequently repeated as that of my rival. She has now left her bed, but is still confined to her apartment.

How seductively beautiful does she appear in her elegant dishabille ! Her fine hair escaping in ringlets on her snowy neck and forehead, together with the plaintive delicate cast of her features —Oh ! I could, did not jealous suspicions withhold me, devour her with love !

This morning, for the first time, she ventured with a bewitching bashfulness to raise my hand to her lips. I had in-

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voluntarily drawn her towards me, and seated her on my knee. She sat as if fearful that I would not long, on recollection, suffer her to enjoy a place with which she affected, at least, to be pleased. One arm only was thrown round her; but when she kissed my hand, I clasped her with both to my beating heart, and eagerly fixing my eyes on her face, “Don’t play the hypocrite, “Fanny,” cried I; “don’t attempt to “deceive me by a dissembled tender-“ness. But, perhaps, you endeavour “to fancy yourself on the lap of your “Manwaring.”

“Oh! Sir! Oh! Mr. Bellamy!” said she, weeping, “indeed you are un-“kind — but I deserve it. Believe, “however, that I never have wilfully “deceived you, and that I never will.

“Would

“ Would to heaven you could now see
“ what passes in my heart ! But if you
“ are determined to indulge your suspi-
“ cions, if you cannot esteem nor trust
“ me, cast me from you at once, let
“ us separate, banish me from your
“ presence, place me in some joyless
“ solitude, where, unknowing and un-
“ known, I may end my wretched un-
“ fortunate life.”

Who could withstand her moving eloquence ? I was melted even to womanish weakness, and obliged to leave her abruptly, to conceal my emotions. Who knows but, as her sex are too apt to do, she may abuse my easy nature ? Nay, she may even despise my folly. Despise me ! The colour mounts to my cheek : any thing but that I could support. No, she shall not find me a com-

modious,

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modious, modern husband : I will support my dignity.

Adieu, my dear Stanhope ; in all situations I am unalterably

Yours,

CHARLES BELLAMY.

LET-

— D

LETTER XLIV.

Mrs. BELLAMY to Mrs. DARNLEY.

Montreal.

I send you a large packet, my beloved Mrs. Darnley. In the inclosed you will find a narrative of all that has happened to your unfortunate Fanny since she last wrote. I have freely exposed my weakness. How little do we know our own deceitful hearts ! While Mrs. Manwaring lived, while there was a chance of her recovery, I formed the most laudable resolves. I even imagined myself incapable of entertaining a thought of Mr. Manwaring as a hus-

band ; but ah ! when I found that it was the wish, the last request of his departed saint, and that he had promised, if in his power, to fulfil that request, all my fortitude forsook me ; I sunk into a mere woman.

It is not in language to express my feelings at the moment I received the shock. Alas, alas, my indiscreet emotions on the occasion, have for ever deprived me of the confidence and esteem of him whom it is now my duty to please : a pleasing task towards a man so amiable as my Bellamy.

How sacred, how binding are the tyes of matrimony ! In what a different light do I view him now, to what I did when only a lover ! It has indeed nothing of that tumultuous passion which I experienced

enced for Mr. Manwaring : my attachment to him is more calm, but no less affectionate. His caresses do not excite any rapturous sensation ; but I respect, admire, and even love him.

This love, however, is of a different kind from any I have yet been acquainted with : it is a pure, a disinterested flame, a tender regard, a lively friendship, which render me deeply interested in his welfare, and solicitous for his happiness. It is the fondness of a sister, it is friendship in its utmost extent. I could, I think, lay down my life to serve him ; and I would rather die a thousand deaths than violate my sacred vows, either in thought, word, or deed.

Oh! if he could but read what passes in my heart, he would do me justice, he would banish his suspicions, and honor me at least with that esteem which it shall be the study of my life to deserve.

Time, I hope, will convince him that, if I cannot force myself to feel for him all that enthusiasm of passion which he feels for me, I yet love no one else. What is left of my exhausted heart shall be all his own. I should deem myself the most ungrateful, the basest of women, were I ever more to bestow a tender thought on his rival; nay, I will not even suffer myself to think of him in any light: never shall his name escape my lips, never

ver shall female curiosity tempt me to make the slightest enquiry about him.

May he be happy wherever he is.
This is the last prayer I shall venture to breathe for him: it is the will of heaven, and I submit.

Ah! my dear Mrs. Dartley, how have I been agitated! Mr. Bellamy just now surprized me at my desk; I did not hear his approach: too intent on my subject, he was close at my elbow ere I perceived him. I uttered a faint scream, and tried to conceal my half-finished letter. What a guilty appearance had this! But I was startled, and did not clearly recollect what I had written; I knew only that my heart had dictated to my pen.

" It is well, Madam," said he in anger ; " you have secrets I see. Indeed
" most wives have. Be satisfied, I am
" too complaisant a husband to pry in-
" to those secrets. You will be quite
" at your ease with me. Go on ; fi-
" nish your epistle : no doubt Mr.
" Manwaring is impatient till he re-
" ceives it."

" Oh ! Sir, dear Sir," cried I, falling
at his feet ; " leave me not in dis-
pleasure. Indeed, indeed, I have no
secrets. My greatest wish is, that
you could see every emotion of my
heart ; that you knew the senti-
ments of pure regard with which it
is filled for you."

" Regard!" repeated he.

" Dear

" Dear Mr. Bellamy, pardon me:
" you terrify me, I cannot support your
" anger. Read what has been the in-
" nocent cause of your displeasure: if
" you should find any thing in it to of-
" fend, chide me; but do not, do not,
" dear Sir, be too severe with your
" Fanny."

He took it, and folding it up without so much as glancing his eyes towards the contents, offered to return it to me.

" You love me not, Fanny," said he, sighing. " I believe you would, if in your power; but we cannot command our feelings. I will, however, compel you to esteem me. Take back your letter: it would be a breach of delicacy, a meanness of

“ which I am not capable, to pry into
 “ your epistolary correspondence. Write
 “ it to whom you please; if you are
 “ not faithful and just to your vows
 “ from principle, never will you be so
 “ from my watchfulness.”

“ Dear Sir,” repeated I, charmed
 with his noble spirit; “ deign to read
 “ this; quit is my earnest request. I be-
 “ seech you to oblige me.”

It was not, my dear Mrs. Darnley,
 without a thousand more intreaties, that
 I was able to prevail on him at length,
 however, wearied out by my importu-
 nities, he again took the paper.

I watched his countenance as he per-
 used it, and saw with delight that it did
 not offend; on the contrary, when it
 was

was finished, he hastily threw it from him, and eagerly caught me in his arms; where for some moments he held me encircled, without having power to speak.

At last, "Is it, is it true, O Fanny,
" that you do not hate me?" cried he,
with emotion; "Yes, it is, you even love,
" tho' not, indeed, so fondly as I could
" wish; but you give me hope. Trans-
" porting thought! yes, we shall yet
" be happy. All that remains of your
" heart, you say, is in the possession of
" your Bellamy. Be it his care, his
" delightful study then, to render that
" gentle heart more susceptible to the
" sweet delights of love."

I threw my arms round his neck, and hid my grateful tears in his bosom.

-T H. J.

Mrs.

Mrs. Roachley surprized us in that tender attitude. She clasped her hands, and uttered an exclamation of joy. I disengaged myself, and ran to embrace that charming, sympathizing friend. She called me her dear girl, her worthy Fanny; and then assuming her usual vivacity, flew to the harpsichord, where, with a gay air, she sung and played,

Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Such, my ever-respected Mrs. Darnley, is the present situation of my affairs. May heaven make me thankful that they are so well.

Adieu.

Yours most affectionately,

FRANCES BELLAMY.

L E T

LETTER XLV.

Mrs. BLADON to Miss SANTEMORE, at
Trois Rivieres..

Quebec.

HEAVENS! Lucy, we are all to pieces here. Nay, this is carrying the jest too far. A full-grown son and heir produced in less than four months time! The nurse, who is a *bon Catholique*, crossed herself, and exclaimed: "Blessed virgin! What a miracle! " Rather of the common kind now-a-days, however."

Poor

Poor Franklin ! I treat the subject with too much levity. Alas ! 'tis no joke to him. They say he is almost frantick ; but I, you know, had my suspicions, therefore enjoyed not, like the rest of our females, the pleasure of a surprize.

“ The pleasure !” you cry : Aye, child, one would be tempted to think it gives them infinite pleasure, by the alacrity with which they fly from house to house, in order to spread the news. What subject so delightful as scandal, when it serves to triumph over a fallen beauty, who so late excited envy ! For, to do her justice, no woman here could pretend to vie with her in charms, had her mind been lovely as her person !

But

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But what a falling off was there! Yet this was the girl whom every sage lecturing mother pointed out to her daughter, as a pattern of female modesty, worthy of her imitation. After she became a wife too, the fellows adopted the same cant.

"Look at Mrs. Franklin, my dear," they would cry, speaking to their help-mates; "see her prudent behaviour in publick; see her whole attention directed to her happy husband; see her dress so modest! No extravagance; no expensive ornaments; sufficiently adorned by nature's liberal hand. And then such a domestick turn! so fond of her home!" No wonder; for, though known to be pregnant, a secret which the transported

sported Franklin took care to whisper to all his friends, yet she was rather more bulky than Ladies generally are in so short a time after marriage. I believe, however, hardly a soul but myself suspected the truth. I have a competent share of penetration, you know; besides, the sharp eye of jealousy makes one wonderfully clear-sighted.

Bellamy, they said, during their flirtation, only regards her as an amiable child; she is but a child in age. Ah! it is certain there was a child in the case. If he is the father, of which, for my part, I do not entertain a doubt, hanging is too good for him. A wretch! to seduce, to deprave the mind of inexperienced innocence, and to leave her as he did! Such villains ought to be driven from society.

Poor

Poor Fanny ! How miserable must she be with a husband so lost to all the feelings of honor and humanity ! I pity her from my soul. Franklin vows vengeance, both on his wife and her betrayer. I dread the consequence of his fury. At present he spares the former, in consideration of her condition.

Ah ! must she not already be severely punished for her criminal folly ? She acted like a fool, not to have made some one her confidant, ere things came to this extremity. Her reputation then, at least, might have been secured, and her husband's honor less exposed. But I suppose the ignorant, unhappy creature, knew not on what to determine, or how to act.

Ah !

Ah ! for one moment's guilty pleasure, who, but a mad woman, would pay such a price as shame and eternal infamy ?

I am absolutely astonished at my sex, when I hear of such *faux pas*. All that I shall say is, that they have a noble portion of courage, more than ever I should be able to muster up, let the temptation be what it would. A good thing in some instances, you find, to be a coward. Pride, they say, keeps men, and women too, from falling : they might add cowardice to the latter ; that is, on the part of the women ; for fear, on these occasions, will answer the purpose as well as pride.

Old Renton supports this shocking disgrace to his family with a surprizing share

share of fortitude. Between you and me, I believe the event was not an unexpected one to him. He is glad to have got such a troublesome charge off his hands, he does not pique himself much upon honor, and so forth.

The character of the father would have deterred me, had I been a man, from any thoughts of the daughter, in the matrimonial way at least. In spite of all her charms, the poor confounded, unfortunate creature has never once, it seems, opened her lips since her delivery. Franklin left his house the next morning early, and is gone the Lord knows where.

Adieu, my dear Lucy : I have dwelt too long on so vile a subject. The frost begins to break; those who pretend

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tend to be weather-wise, prophesy that we shall have a glorious spring. Amen.
So be it.

Yours,

CHARLOTTE BLADON.

L E T-

LETTER XLVI.

Mrs. ROACHLEY to Miss SANTEMORE,
at Trois Rivieres.

Montreal.

SHALL we never be at peace? Fresh alarms, my dear Lucy, if possible, more terrible than any we have yet experienced. *We*, I say; for all that concerns Fanny must deeply affect her friend. There is no expressing how much I love that amiable woman.

As

As Colonel Bellamy did not propose to stay above a month or two in America after his marriage, my good man insisted on their making our house their home while they continued here.

How pleasing was this request to me! I joined my earnest entreaties, and with some difficulty prevailed; so that I am still blessed with the society of my friend; and I have the pleasure to see her every day more satisfied with her lot. It was not in nature that she could long continue insensible to the attractions of so charming a husband. As for him, he perfectly adores her.

"What then," you say, "is the matter? What now can disturb your peace?" Oh, Lucy! we know not yet the worst: but this anxious suspense

is almost as painful as the most dreadful certainty.

Yesterday we had a little concert; all was harmony and love. Bellamy played, Fanny accompanied him with her sweet voice. What raptures did it excite in him!

Our party was composed of the most agreeable people in town. In the evening we were to have a ball: it was my birth-day. While we were thus pleasingly engaged, a servant entered, approached the Colonel, and, in a half-whisper, said a man waited below with a letter for him, which he was ordered to deliver into his own hands. Bellamy rose, and followed him.

There was nothing in this to excite either our curiosity or fears, so we went on with our music. Fanny, however, often directed her eyes towards the door, as it was near half an hour ere the Colonel again made his appearance. That appearance startled me. He visibly struggled for composure; but a cloud of sadness hung on his brow, and he was grave, even to solemnity. He threw himself into a chair: Fanny stole behind it, and hung over him with anxious quietude.

"At last," "Are you not well, Mr. Bellamy?" said she, in a faltering accent.

"Perfectly well, my love," returned he, pressing her hand between his, "but rather vexed at a troublesome piece

" of business, in which a wrong-headed
" fellow has engaged me?"

" May I ask ?" interrupted she, with
sweet solicitude.

" No, do not, my angel : it is a
trifle, unworthy your attention. Con-
tinue to enjoy the society of your ob-
liging friends, and help me to apolo-
gize for being forced to leave them.
The loss indeed is mine. I have let-
ters to write, of the utmost import-
ance ; they must be dispatched to-
night."

So saying, he again pressed her hand,
and bowing to the company, retired.
With him fled all our mirth and
gaiety.

H 2 This

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This is no trifle, thought I. What the rest thought I know not, for they were wise enough to keep their thoughts to themselves.

Roachley endeavoured to amuse Fanny, by chatting to her on indifferent subjects; but it would not do. She complained of a headache, and begged leave to retire to her apartment. No ball, you may believe: the company dispersed before supper.

I joined my friend, who sat motionless in her chair, with her eyes fixed on the fire. I, for the first time, found myself at a loss what to say to her. Indeed she seemed better pleased with silence than conversation. I sat with her till twelve: the Colonel was all that time shut up in his closet. He then

then came in, looked melancholy, and as if fatigued with writing; but, as usual, amiable and polite in his behaviour.

I got up on his approach, and wished them a good night. He smiled, and asked why I would not honor him with a little of my company as well as his beloved. "But she is a dear monopolizer," added he, tapping her cheek, "and will not even spare a corner of her friend's heart for her husband."

"I am sleepy," said I, "and will therefore bid you a good night. Heaven bless you both, good folks." So saying, I left them.

I went early this morning to their apartment, having heard, from one of

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the Colonel's domesticks, that his master was gone out on horseback. I drew back the bed-curtain : Fanny awoke with the noise.

"Is it you, Mr. Bellamy ?" said she.
"No, you little sluggard," returned I, "he has been up these two hours."

"Heavens !", cried she, "is it then so late ?! But I have hardly closed my eyes the whole night : I do not believe it is more than two hours since I dropped asleep."

I rang for her maid. "We will breakfast by ourselves in my dressing-room," resumed I ; "for our fellows are gone out." This I said, that I might have leisure to prepare her for what

what I knew would alarm her fears; namely, Bellamy's going out unattended, and at break of day. The belief that he was in company of my husband made her easy.

I had charged Roachley to keep out of the way, till I had communicated what filled me with a thousand apprehensions. In spite of all my caution and pains to amuse her, what passed last night had exceedingly lowered her spirits. She left me about half an hour ago, and I sat down to scribble.

Good heaven, Lucy! my maid has just informed me, that going to dust Mr. Bellamy's closet, she found the dear Fanny lying extended on the floor, in a fainting fit. I fly.—Oh, Lucy! Lucy! I guess the fatal cause.

In CONTINUATION.

Well might she faint: the letter which I found in her hand almost reduced me to the same condition. My husband, and five or six of our servants, are gone in quest of Bellamy. But it is too late; as, perhaps, he has already fallen a victim to the rage, the unjust resentment (I will believe it to be unjust) of a madman, of our cousin Franklin.

Lucy, you have, no doubt, heard of his dishonour, of his wife's infamous behaviour. That man is always in extremes, ungovernable in his passions. But I will transcribe the fatal letter. Fanny is on her bed, more dead than alive.

It is needless to attempt consoling her; it is not in my power. She has cause to grieve: let her then indulge her tears, they will relieve her more than anything I could say to her. Her hands are clasped, her streaming eyes are raised to heaven. May her prayers be heard!

The horrid letter I mentioned is as follows:

Col. BELLAMY to Mrs. BELLAMY.

"With what anguish do I sit down to write what will, I know, so deeply wound the gentle heart of my beloved Fanny! How shall I begin the fatal subject? How prepare my angel for the shock?

"Joy of my life, source of all my happiness, alas! perhaps, these are the last lines you will ever receive from your Bellamy; but if fate should doom me to death, let me hope that I shall still survive in your memory. Think of me as unfortunate, but acquit me of the guilt my enemies impute to me.

"By all that's sacred, I am innocent. Franklin's wife is a vestal for me. I never even entertained a thought or wish to seduce her. I trust she will do me justice, I regarded her as an ignorant, unprincipled girl, dangerously susceptible of tender impressions. From motives of compassion I took pains to arm her against the snares that might be laid for her. My motives were laudable; but, from the notice I took of her, and the spiteful

spiteful surmises that our intimacy gave rise to, I do not wonder at Franklin's suspicions. "He has challenged me. I will use my utmost endeavours to make him listen to reason; if he will not, he must take the consequence: I shall certainly defend myself, though I would wish, not only to spare his life, but to preserve my own, on which I never before set so high a value. You, my Fanny, have endeated it to me. My fondness for thee almost renders me a coward." "A thousand times have I, undaunted, when my duty called, rushed on danger; but, from principle, I ever was an enemy to the savage custom of duelling. It is a shame, a disgrace to a

civilized nation. Strange that it still should keep footing among us. But though I condemn it, I yet have not courage to act up to the dictates of my conscience, as nothing less than shame and infamy would be the consequence. I have, therefore, agreed to meet my enraged adversary. Heaven must decide my fate. I have enjoyed an age of happiness in a few months, too exquisite a happiness to last.

"I have, my love, a sad foreboding—
Oh ! can I write the fatal sentence?—
Alas ! alas ! I fear we never shall meet again. May heaven endue you with fortitude for the event ! By my death you will be at liberty to —— I cannot proceed. — It is, however, my earnest

wish ——

wish — that amiable man will console you.

“ I have settled my affairs. In my escrutoire you will find my will properly witnessed. My sister is remembered in it. To my Fanny's care and friendship I recommend her and my nephews. They deserve your esteem.

“ What a subject is this ! Oh ! my God ! how shall I prevail on myself to bid you, perhaps, a last adieu ! My love, my life, my virtuous wife, my amiable companion, ah ! must we then separate for ever ? The anguish of my heart is not to be expressed. That heaven may bless, protect and comfort thee, thou idol of my affections, thou best,

best, thou dearest of women, is the fervent prayer of

Thy unfortunate

C. BELLAMY."

What a letter is this, Lucy ! how my eyes stream !—But I hear a noise.—What bustle can that be below ?—Oh ! gracious God ! A party of Mr. Bellamy's soldiers ! They bear in their arms the, to appearance, lifeless—Misery, misery ! He is dead ! Gone, gone for ever !—The distracted Fanny has rushed down stairs to meet—Oh ! heavens !—the body of her murdered husband !

In CONTINUATION.

Mortally wounded, and covered with blood, they have placed him on his bed.

No

No hopes of life : he merely breathes. Fanny lies senseless by his side. His eyes are mournfully fixed on her pale face, while one arm is stretched out to offer her its feeble support ; but he cannot speak. My husband sits by the bed-side, with his head resting on both his hands, while large drops of manly sorrow trickle through his fingers. At such a scene the manliest heart would melt.

The surgeon has dressed his wounds.
Not a shadow of hope !

In CONTINUATION.

The fatal scene is closed : the most amiable of men is no more ! He had just strength to raise the hand of his still infen-

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insensible Fanny to his loved lips ;
then sighing forth her name, expired.

Accursed be that Franklin, where-
ere he drags on a joyless life, banished
from his friends and country, may re-
morse and anguish be his constant at-
tendants !

I can write no more.

Adieu.

Oh ! Lucy, you can form no idea
of my afflictions.

B. ROACHLEY.

LET.

LETTER XLVII.

Mrs. BLADON to Miss SANTEMORE, at
Trois Rivieres.

Quebec.

WHAT a shocking affair, Lucy !
Have you heard of the duel between Franklin and Bellamy ? Poor Bellamy ! How I hate myself for my unjust suspicions ! He is killed. Franklin is fled. This fatal news reached us but last night. There are people in the world whom nothing can affect. That indiscreet, eternal tattler, Madame

ed T

la

la Broach, the only female of any character who has visited Mrs. Franklin since the discovery of her dishonour, rushed into that unfortunate creature's apartment, who has not been above three weeks brought to bed, and in her hurrying way exclaimed, "Good God! what news! your husband has killed Bellamy in a duel."

The wretched Kitty uttered a loud scream, sprung from her bed, and throwing herself on the floor, tore her hair like one distracted, exclaiming, in the bitterest anguish, "He is innocent, he is innocent: Bellvile is the father of my child." This Bellvile, Lucy, is one of her father's clerks. The

The indiscreet woman, now too late, sensible of her indiscretion, loudly called for assistance ; when, by force, they placed again the raving, delirious Kitty in her bed. The doctor was sent for ; and he pronounced her in a high fever. The whole house echoed with her cries. They were obliged to tie her down : for in a few hours she became quite outrageous. Her cruel father, though informed of her condition, refused to see her.

While things were in this state of horror and confusion, Bellvile made his appearance. To add to the tragedy, he flew to the bed, and caught the distracted creature in his arms ; crying,
“ Oh ! Kitty, my adored Kitty, this,
“ this is the consequence of thy ambition ! Why, why did you refuse to
“ accept

" accept the man, humble as his station is, on whom you had bestowed your heart?"

Here his sobs and groans stopped the passage of his voice. She saw, she knew him; and, for a few moments, was restored to the use of her reason.

" Bellvile," said she, " unbind me, and let me embrace you once more before I die. Thou dear, thou constant, deserving youth, can you pardon your unfortunate Kitty? May my death atone for the injury I have done you. Now let my innocent babe be brought to his unworthy mother: let her once more press him to her bosom, and commend him to a father's care. You will love him, Bellvile,

" Bellvile; I know, for *my* sake, you
" will love him."

She sat up; the child was put into her arms, and she bedewed its little face with her tears. Bellvile caught it from her, and clasped it to his heart. He sighed, he groaned, but could not speak.

" Bellamy," exclaimed she wildly,
" you shall not murder my infant, tho'
" I have murdered thee. Save him!
" save him! Bellvile! See how his
" wounds stream! see his eyes how they
" glare! Hide me, hide me," screamed she; " I did not mean to kill him.
" It was Franklin, it was the cruel
" Franklin."

She

She pulled the bed-cloaths over her face. Bellvile sat stupefied with grief, the poor babe still encircled in his arms. Again she started up.

" My head !" cried she with quickness ; " my heart ! I burn ! I burn ! "

The doctor administered a composing draught : she dozed for a few moments ; but soon awaking in a fright, clasped her hands. " My heart is broken," said she ; " the silver chords of life are divided. Bellvile, Bellvile, I die — " forgive and pity me."

So saying, she sunk on her pillow, and expired.

Such have been the fatal consequences of her indiscretion. Be her faults forgotten.

gotten. Too, too severe has been her punishment. May she be a warning to her sex ! may it teach them to shun the flowery paths of vice, which, sooner or later, will lead them to destruction !

Adieu : I never expect to regain any degree of spirits ; but, grave or sad, I am ever my dear Lucy's affectionate

C. BLADON.

L E T -

LETTER XLVIII.

Mrs. ROACHLEY to Miss SANTEMORE,
at Trois Rivieres.

Montreal.

I Hope my dear Lucy is safely arrived at the end of her journey; and that she found our valued mother in perfect health: as to her spirits I make no enquiry, knowing that your presence would revive them, had they, even by your absence, been depressed.

Return her my dutiful acknowledgments for her kindness in sparing you to me,

me, when I so much stood in need of your chearful society. You cannot conceive how much we all miss you: it is hardly possible to be sad in your company. You even, sometimes, made the most sincere mourner of all widows smile at your lively sallies.

That charming woman is still plunged in the deepest melancholy. The physicians think her in a decline, and have prescribed her native air, as most likely to re-establish her health. I am continually pressing her on this head, though my heart will severely suffer at our painful separation.

I cannot; for the life of me, make her attentive about herself. This world, she says, has no longer any joys in store for her. Indeed, I believe even

her dear Manwaring would fail to please. I wish I durst touch on that subject, but I fear to offend : her grief is real ; there is no trifling with a person in her situation.

I shrewdly suspect, however, that, though I dare not mention her first love, others have. This morning she received a long epistle, which she read in my presence ; for we were at breakfast. She blushed as she read, and at last melted into tears.

"Oh, no, that, that can never be," involuntarily escaped from her lips.

"No bad news, I hope," slyly cried your sister. "Holted moods swine
ni azoi xus joxo rego on and ayst sdi
nevec eavec I heebne nes not grot
told." "Far

"Far from it," returned she; "it is welcome news to me, to hear that my friend Hamilton is well. This letter is from him."

"Why then do you weep?" said I.

"Because, because," answered she, faltering, and casting down her eyes, "he gives me some advice. He talks to me—But spare me, dear Belinda, it is a subject which I would banish ever from my thoughts."

"If you could," returned I, archly.

She was vexed at what she called my levity. Tears started again into her sweet eyes.

" This is not like my friend. I will
" retire till either you are less lively, or
" I in better spirits."

She was going: I ran and caught her hand.

" Fanny, are you serious? Have I
" indeed offended?"

" No, my dear Belinda, you could
" not, did not mean to offend. But,
" pardon me, my temper is quite ru-
" ined; I have borne so much, that
" now I can bear nothing. Oh! I ne-
" ver, never shall be restored to my
" former self."

" You are, you ever must be, the
" most amiable of women," cried I.

The

The entrance of Roachley at that moment put an end to the subject.

I was going to tell you, Lucy, how nobly she has acted in regard to poor Bellamy's sister and her sons. He had in his will left the former only an annuity of two hundred a year, and five thousand pounds apiece to his nephews; but my generous friend has made the mother's annuity four hundred, and equally divided the Colonel's whole estate between his nephews; reserving to herself only her jointure, and her own ten thousand pounds, which, on her marriage, that most amiable of husbands had settled on her. The estate she has resigned, including her jointure, and Mrs. Lewis's annuity, is clear four thousand a year.

I think she has rather been too liberal, and so I freely told her. Her answer was, that, as she had no children, it was, in her opinion, merely an act of justice. Noble-minded creature ! How much does she, as well in mind as in person, outshine the rest of her sex !

I blush at my own inferiority. But there is some little merit in being able, without envy, to love and admire one who so much excels me.

Adieu, my dear Lucy. Compliments to your swain, and believe me to be

Yours, unalterably,

C. ROACHLEY.

L E T-

LETTER XLIX.

Mrs. ROACHLEY to Miss SANTEMORE,
at Trois Rivieres.

O H! Lucy, it is at last determined!
She is going! I must part with
my beloved friend! The doctors, but,
above all, the pressing intreaties of a
Mrs. Darnley, who, she says, has been
to her a second mother, have prevailed,
and she is preparing for her departure.

I always see the letters she receives from that sensible, worthy old Lady. I hoped I should in them have found some intelligence of Manwaring ; but not a word, since he left Canada : she does not once, in any of her epistles, so much as mention his name. Yet Fanny once told me, I remember, that they were exceedingly intimate.

What, I wonder, is become of that charming man ! I hope he is in England ! I hope, I hope a thousand things, and those hopes, alone, could reconcile me to the thoughts of bidding her, whom I so much love, a long, perhaps a last adieu. Ah, no, it must not, shall not be a last adieu.

Roachley has many relations in England, and often talks of paying a visit

to

to his native country. His description of it enchant^s me. Fanny's being there will, of itself, be a sufficient inducement to me.

Positively I'll hold him to his promise, which, in presence of us both, he made last night, while the dear angel sat with my hand pressed in hers, weeping at the near approach of our melancholy separation. He shall not escape, by pretending, hereafter, that he was not in earnest, but only talked of a voyage to England, in order to console us.

Lucy, my dear, get married, and be of our party. Oh, thou sweet flatterer, hope, what but thee could enable us to support the ills of life !

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Adieu, my time is now precious,
very little can I spare from my friend.

With much difficulty had I got to this

Yours, my dear girl,

With true affection,

B. ROACHLEY.

LET.

LETTER L.

Mrs. ROACHLEY to Miss SANTEMORE,
at Trois Rivieres.

Montreal.

SHE is gone, Lucy! My sweet friend
is gone! May angels guard her! I ac-
companied her on board: I know not how
I got again into our boat, after our sad
adieu; but I know now that I am al-
most dead with grief. My worthy
Roachley, in order to divert my melan-
choly, proposes a jaunt to Trois Ri-
vieres. I am obliged to him, as he

I 6 could

could not have proposed any thing more to my taste, or more likely to produce the wished effect. I shall see you soon then, my Lucy, and your vivacity will, I hope, restore, to some degree of spirits,

Your disconsolate

Mrs. Roachley's Friend

BELINDA ROACHLEY.

P. S. He has already given orders for our journey. Adieu,

L E T

LETTER LI.

Mrs. BELLAMY to Mrs. ROACHLEY,
at Trois Rivieres.

London.

AT length, my beloved friend, your Fanny is once more safely landed on *terra firma*. Ah, it was full time; for no poor wretch was ever so sick as I, during our tedious, and, what was still worse, dangerous voyage. Such storms! — I shudder but to recollect them. I have an aversion to sea-pieces, even when drawn by the most masterly hand;

hand ; and, as I am but an indifferent painter, shall not attempt to treat you with one. Be then my perils by water forgotten, and let my amiable, kind Belinda alone engross my grateful thoughts.

Alas ! what a distance is now placed between us ! In imagination, I transport myself back to your elegant dressing-room ; I see you seated, blooming as the morn, at your tea-table ; I see your pleasing smiles, I hear your lively wit. Ah, would to heaven I could ! But I awake from my delightful reverie, and, instead of dear Montreal, where you are blessed with a clear, unclouded sky, find myself half stifled with London's thick, smoaky air, and choaked with its dust : nay, even the heat incommodes me. The summers here,

here, though far less warm, yet render me more languid than those of Canada.

I am, indeed, in a disagreeable part of the town. Brewer's street, though it has some good houses in it, is a horrid place. Close, ill built, ill paved, and irregular; but, as I thought it prudent to take up my abode with Mrs. Lewis, while obliged to continue here, I could not choose my habitation. That worthy woman received me with transports of gratitude and joy. She so much resembles her dear and ever-to-be lamented brother, that I nearly fainted on being introduced to her. My emotions increased on her presenting to me her eldest son, Captain Lewis, who is the perfect image of my Bellamy: a most engaging youth. His brother,
also,

also, appears worthy of esteem; but is not so striking, either in person or manner.

They oppress me with their lively acknowledgments: yet I have only done my duty; for such it will ever appear to me, as they are, in my opinion, the lawful heirs to his estate. Heaven bless them with it, I am still sufficiently rich. Ah, in that respect, fortune has been abundantly liberal. I wish I could silence them on this subject; for it is dangerous to my peace, and only serves to renew the memory of my irreparable loss.

Mrs. Lewis is very domestick, lives retired, and, for some years past, has been but little conversant in the gay scenes of life.

This

This laudable turn has, however, I am tempted to think, rather been acquired by the narrowness of her circumstances, than from her natural disposition; for she does not, now those circumstances are changed, appear to be an enemy to innocent amusements: or perhaps she puts herself out of her usual plan in order to divert me. Ah, she might spare herself that obliging trouble; and so I tell her, but in vain. So young, so handsome, she is pleased to say, it would be a sin to bury my charms in retirement.

Captain Lewis talks in the same strain. They teized me last night, and in a manner forced me to accompany them to Ranelagh. My young spark has set up his carriage, which is always at his mother's command. A milliner and a

hair-

hair-dresser were sent for. I left the good Lady to decorate me, as she thought fit.

As the term of my first mourning is expired, she chose for me a light gray lustrous French sack, trimmed with deep bounces of black lace, over a small hoop. In both that and my linen she shewed a very elegant taste. She would not suffer me to wear a cap, only a few strings of pearls interwoven in my hair, a bouquet of the same, also ear-rings, and necklace. These, with a long black lace cloak, compleated my dress.

She bestowed a thousand encomiums on my person. The young captain, with that gallantry so peculiar to his profession, was still more lavish of his praise.

Our

Our party consisted of Mrs. Lewis, a Miss Mountford, distantly related to the family: a large fortune, and, in her own opinion, a beauty; in mine, a showy woman, ruined by affectation; Captain Lewis, and your Fanny.

We found the spacious and elegant Rotunda crowded with good company. My eyes were perfectly dazzled with the charms of my lovely countrywomen. Certainly the British fair are far superior to those of other nations in personal attractions.

I did not myself escape unnoticed; or, perhaps, it was Miss Mountford's striking figure which drew on us the eyes of the male part of the assembly; so at least she thought: for we had not taken two turns round the room, when

she

she exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction,

" Heavens ! how the fellows stare !

" But this is always the case when I appear in publick : I declare it is absolutely teasing. I wonder what they see in me to follow and torment me as they do. Ah, let us take refuge in one of the boxes."

In compliance with her request, we were just stepping into one, when two Gentlemen, arm in arm, stopped short to gaze at us.

" Look, look, my Lord ; did you ever behold such an angel ?" cried one of them, fixing his eyes on my face.

Miss Mountford twitted me by the sleeve.

" Heavens !

"Heavens! My dear, hide me;
"that man pursues me like my shadow.
"Do sit next the door, or I fear he
"will join me." This she said in a
whisper.

The person, whom her pretended admirer had called my Lord, now turned round; having, when his companion first addressed him, been paying his respects *en passant* to a Lady of his acquaintance. He turned round, I say; but judge, O Belinda, judge of my painful emotions, when I discovered him to be Lord Walton! He instantly recollect-
ed me.

"Good heavens," exclaimed he, "it
"is, it is the lovely Fanny West!"

Dread-

Dreadfully agitated, I hurried into the box. Men of his rank think themselves privileged to do what they will. He still kept his post.

" Ah ! well might you call her an angel, Frank," resumed he, speaking loud enough for us to hear ; " she is indeed the most perfect creature that nature ever formed."

Captain Lewis now changed his seat, and placed himself between me and that impertinent fellow with whom he was slightly acquainted.

As the wretch still continued to stare at me, the Captain rose, and, with a resolute air, said to him, " My Lord, these Ladies are under my protection. I pardon your admiring them ; it is

" not

" not in your power to resist doing
" them that justice ; but the manner in
" which you express it is, I see, disa-
" greeable to them. Their rank and
" character demand a greater degree of
" respect ; nor will I suffer them to be
" insulted by the first Lord in the
" land."

" Well said, young hero," cried the
detested Walton ; " but before you
put on these menacing airs, you should
first know whether any insult was in-
tended. Be assured I have no such de-
sign. I honor, I respect Miss West
as much as it is possible for you
to do."

" Miss West, Sir !" interrupted our
spirited champion, " there is no such
person here. That Lady is Mrs.
Bellamy,

"Bellamy, the other Miss Mountford."

"I beg their pardon," returned his Lordship, "I may be mistaken; but it is no disparagement to Mrs. Bellamy, or the finest woman in England, to be mistaken for Miss West, who, except that Lady, has not her equal in the kingdom."

So saying, he bowed, and retired, and I rejoiced in so easily getting rid of a wretch whom I had such reason to detest. His pretending to be mistaken was only a piece of policy, as I afterwards found.

When tea was over, Miss Mountford again insisted on displaying her charms, by quitting the box. It appeared to

me

me a sort of asylum, in which I wished to pass the rest of the evening; but she would not hear of it; and I could not stay by myself, nor even with Captain Lewis, who obligingly offered to sit with me. Again then we sallied forth, but had not got half round the room, before we met Lord Walton. The crowd was so great that, for some moments we were forced up in a heap, that villain close at my elbow. He had the assurance to seize my hand, or rather, made an attempt; for I hastily withdrew it, colouring with indignation.

" Ah, Miss West," whispered he,
" (for you are, you shall still be Miss
" West) will not an age of penitence
" atone for my faults, the faults of un-
" governable love? If you are single,
" I will with transport make you the

“ most honorable reparation : my hand,
“ my fortune—
“ ‘Detested Hand !’ cried I, with indignation ; “ could you make me
“ mistress of the world, I would de-
“ spise both it and you. Leave me
“ then, for the sight of such a monster
“ is odious to me.” So saying, I pushed
through the crowd, and soon lost sight
of him.

I now insisted on going home : all Miss Mountford's entreaties were in vain. I told her she need not accompany me, nor would I deprive her of Mrs. Lewis's company, only begged the Captain to attend me to their house, and, as it was early, he might, time enough for them, return with the carriage. To this the giddy fair one easily agreed ; not

not violently displeased, I fancy, to get rid of me. Mrs. Lewis made apologies, which, on my part, were, you may believe, easily accepted.

And now, my beloved Belinda, after this packet of trifles, it is full time to put an end to my epistle. Business will not, I hope, detain me above a week longer in town : I sigh for the serene joys which I trust to experience in the delightful country, and still more from the sweet society of dear Mrs. Darnley, who impatiently expects my arrival there. Then, then a long farewell to London, and all its vain amusements. Last night gave me a surfeit of its gaudy scenes of folly.

Adieu : once more, adieu, most amiable of friends : say all that is grateful

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and affectionate from me to your worthy Roachley ; as also to your fair sister ; and believe me ever,

Yours,

FRANCES BELLAMY.

P. S. I do not forget your parting request ; but indeed, my dear, I neither have, nor mean to enquire about him, and no one has, hitherto, so much as mentioned his name in my presence. I do not, believe me, I do not wish they should : retirement, retirement is my plan, and that for life.

LET-

LETTER LII.

Mrs. BELLAMY to Mrs. ROACHLEY,
at Montreal.

Hay-field Farm.

THAT Mrs. Darnley should draw me into such a snare! The grave, sedate Mrs. Darnley to be so fly! But why complain of her to you, Belinda; you, who are as wicked as herself; and who will, I know, take her part?

A fine pair of discreet friends you are, to be sure! You, however, was decent, you only hinted; nay, when at

the height of your roguery, only archly teased me ; but here is an absolute plot, a treasonable plot formed, to destroy my laudable resolutions, and again to disturb my late acquired tranquility.

The worst of it is, that the person who has entered into this conspiracy, is, by age, wisdom, and virtue, so respectable, that I cannot find in my heart to chide her as she deserves. Nay, were I to do this with ever so grave a face, the dear provoking creature would only laugh at me for my pains.

She is in such spirits at my return—
You may guess to what a height they
are raised, when even your pensive
Fanny has caught the infection.

But

But to be serious; for ah, Belinda, it is not to me a subject for trifling: though, to follow Mrs. Darnley's example, I have, for a few moments, aimed at a little vivacity. It is impossible to describe that dear woman's raptures on our wished-for meeting. She held me long encircled in her maternal arms, exclaiming, with tears of joy,

" Now, now I shall die in peace: my
" child, my Fanny, will yet be re-
" warded for all her sufferings: I shall
" yet live to see her happy."

" I am so at this instant," cried I, returning her fond embraces; " I ask no greater felicity than to end my days in calm obscurity with my beloved friend. Come," added I, wishing to give a livelier turn to her emotions, " shew me my little apartment. Has

" Martha done her duty? Is it decorated for my reception? I must, as formerly, have my bough-pots placed by her fair hand, my tame sparrow, and my turtle-doves."

" You shall have a turtle," returned she, smiling; " a turtle ever constant to his mate."

At that moment I little guessed her arch meaning. She led me to her summer-parlour, which is furnished in a style of simple elegance, admirably suited to the rural scenes, which, from its windows, present themselves. Those windows are almost darkened with spreading jasmine and honey-suckles, which not only charm the eye, but gratify the smell with the sweetest scents.

There

There was set out a genteel repast. Martha came in to wait at table.

The good old creature was ready to cry with joy. Her dear young Lady, she said, who used so kindly to chat to her, with such sweet humility! still the same gracious, smiling countenance. I'll warrant ye not a bit of pride. "Oh, " Madam!" continued she, "you have renewed the age of my beloved mistress; and your poor old Martha could, I verily think, dance a jig without crutches, so much is she transported to behold again that blessed face, the fairest face in all the country, I'll be bound for it."

So ran on the well-meaning prater, who has no aversion to hear herself talk.

Dinner over, we will next, if you please, attend the tea-table, which, as the weather was delightful, was placed in a shady grove at the bottom of the garden: this garden opens into pleasant and fruitful meadows, by a little door, just at the back of the summer-house where we were seated.

"Very minute," you cry.

True, my friend; but every incident, the time, the place, the situation of last night, all, from one event, appear interesting to your Fanny: for, oh! last night what various emotions did I experience! Permit me then to tell my tale in my own way.

We were, as I said, at tea, when, hearing a little rustling among the trees behind

behind us, I turned my head; but, good heavens! what an object met my eyes! I started, I was ready to faint; when Mr. Manwaring, with extended arms, flew to support me. I was almost tempted to doubt my senses, to believe him to be an apparition, but that his fervent embrace convinced me of the contrary.

The wicked Mrs. Darnley enjoyed my emotions, and smiled at the success of her stratagem. She had, indeed, taken me by surprize: I was quite off my guard, and behaved—I blush when I recollect my weakness; but that recollection has restored me to reason. All his eloquence, his too persuasive eloquence, shall not prevail on me to change my fixed resolve.

After having escaped, or rather experienced so many storms and tempests in my voyage through life, and when, at last, I have arrived at so peaceful a haven, shall I again embark on the tempestuous ocean? No, no, my dear friends. And thou, most amiable of lovers, tempt me not: I dare not, must not yield to your persuasions: let me, let me enjoy my calm retreat.

Do you expect the particulars of this important interview, Belinda? Ah, I am unequal to the task. Too much agitated at the time, to know distinctly what passed, all I remember is, that Manwaring was at my feet; that he looked, if possible, more engaging than ever I beheld him, though rather thin, and pale.

“ Vain

" Vain girl!" you cry; " and that
" you placed to your account, there-
" fore thought it rather added to, than
" diminished his charms; for how
" charming is it to have a lover pining
" and dying in one's absence, and to be
" able to revive him with a smile, or
" to see him expire at one's feet with a
" frown! ^{to do this I had to be in}

He did not expire, Belinda: I for-
got to frown. But all in good time: I
shall have leisure for both in abundance
ere I have done with him; for the man
seems inclined to be obstinate.

In what a style do I write to-day!
How full of levity! But I will conceal
nothing from my friend: indeed I am
not formed to play the hypocrite: my
heart is at ease; I have not for many
months

months felt it so light. I own I was pleased to see Mr. Manwaring; though, at the instant, the memory of passed scenes rendered it a painful pleasure: but time will soften the most deep-rooted sorrow.

I feel this truth, and almost regret it; for I was beginning, by being long habituated to grief, to take a melancholy delight in indulging it.

Ah, again here! 'Mr. Manwaring below, do you say, Martha?'—Why this violent palpitation? I am not obliged to see him.—But shall I be rude to the guest of my friend?—Foolish, foolish excuse! I rise involuntarily from my seat. How weak, how very weak is your Fanny!

Adieu,

Adieu, adieu : I'll write no more ; I
only expose myself. Love, compli-
ments, all that's grateful and affectionate,
to the dear Roachleys, from their

FRANCES BELLAMY.

L E T T

I am sorry to say Mr. Bellamy will A
-lways avoid Mrs. Roachley who
eternally has it in her mind to return
to him and has a great aversion to

LETTER LIII.

Mrs. BELLAMY to Mrs. ROACHLEY,
at Montreal.

Hay-field Farm.

WHAT shall I say to this torment-
ing man?

“ After having experienced so many
“ disappointments, after having loved
“ with so much constancy, and having
“ suffered so much by struggling with that
“ love; now, when I may indulge it
“ without a crime, now such a pro-
“ spect of happiness is opened to me,
“ can

"Can you have the cruelty to deny my
"suit?"

So says he, so plaintively complains
my too amiable Manwaring. Mrs.
Darnley is no less importunate with
me to change my purpose. Even ina-
nimate objects plead his cause. The
groves, the streams, all the beauties of
nature, at this fairest season of the
year, conspire to soften my heart, and
inspire it with the tender passion. How
dangerous to that calm indifference, of
which I was beginning to boast, are our
evening rambles; and all the soft lan-
guage of love breathed forth by the
light of the moon!

Do not be surprised, my dear Mrs.
Roachley, if, surrounded as I am with
temptations, I should now and then be
a little

a little staggered in my purpose, if I should listen to my heart rather than my reason.

In vain I recall those once convincing arguments which determined me to continue in my widowed state ; and, above all, never to accept of Mr. Manwaring. What an effect has the change of our spirits on our judgments when low and oppressed with recent grief !

The world appeared a barren desert : I thought the greatest indulgence it could yield was the cherishing my sorrow in some obscure retreat : I felt a secret pride in sacrificing my passion to the manes of my departed friend : nay, I thought even justice demanded that sacrifice ; but now, how changed the scene !

I be-

I behold again the object of my first attachment, I may say the only object that ever truly touched my heart; behold him at my feet, exerting all his seducing eloquence to prevail on me to make him happy; to make Manwaring happy—Am I not then ungrateful to refuse? Is it not, likewise, to make myself so? His presence gives a different cast to my mind; the gloom is dispelled, all nature smiles around me. Ah, I fear one may too easily foresee the consequence.

To say the truth, I believe even Mr. Manwaring has few doubts on the subject, though he wisely affects to be violently anxious till I condescend to pronounce his doom.

Have

Have I not repeatedly told him what that is? Have I not a thousand times said, I cannot, must not be his? Do you know that I fancied I saw the traces of a half-smile on his countenance the last time I told him so?

This anxious lover too, though kept in painful suspense, forsooth, yet contrives to be most agreeably gay, to plan parties of pleasure, to give balls and breakfasts to the Ladies. I am this morning going to one of the latter, and only scribble till Mrs. Darnly is ready to attend me. She comes. Adieu,

Remember your promise : tell Roachley, I expect he will very soon put it in your power to fulfill it. O

come,

come, my dear Bell ! How happy then
will be

Your affectionate and obliged

F. BELLAMY.

C O N-

CONCLUSION,

By the EDITOR.

M R. and Mrs. Roachley's arrival in England put a stop to Mrs. Bellamy's correspondence with her friend. That worthy couple joined with Mr. Manwaring and Mrs. Darnley to persuade the fair widow to what her heart still more strongly prompted her.

However, female decorum, or, perhaps, we might say, female obstinacy, kept her wavering for some months; when a little disagreeable adventure, in which she was involved by the intriguing Lord Walton (who again attempted

attempted to get her into his power) gave her a good pretence to yield to their united persuasions, and to put herself under the protection of a husband.

Preparations were immediately made for the marriage, which, at Mrs. Darnley's request, was celebrated in the rural style. The good old Lady displayed, on the joyful occasion, her taste for elegant simplicity. She seemed to have renewed her age.

As for the charming pair, all description would fall short of their happiness. Youth, beauty, fortune, friends, and mutual love, all conspired to perfect their felicity.

F I N I S.

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